TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Through the Nose

THE INVESTOR PAYS. By Max Lowenthal. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

THIS book is the most valuable contribution to the literature of corporation finance since Louis D. Brandeis's "Other People's Money." Its appeal lies in the simple and informal way in which a drama of high finance in the 'twenties is unfolded. Its greatness lies not only in its simplicity and insight into the intricacies and subtleties of corporate reorganization but primarily in the solid basis of factual material which it presents.

Since the débâcle of 1929 we have been deluged with a mass of literature dealing with the sins of big business and the shortcomings and vices of Wall Street. These two—particularly Wall Street—have been the devils to whom all our ailments have been assigned. But to many who write and talk, Wall Street and big business are as mysterious as the devils which they symbolize. It is, therefore, refreshing to discover here a book which portrays one phase of Wall Street's activities with faithful accuracy, which puts in language any one can understand the intricacies of a complicated financial process, and which translates into human and social values the significance of the drama which is disclosed.

The drama is the reorganization of the St. Paul railroad from 1925-1928, with a prelude of events leading up to the reorganization. The first six chapters are devoted to the antecedents of this reorganization and reveal how a once prosperous road under allegedly incompetent management fell from its high place of dominance. Beginning with the seventh chapter, the rest of the book deals with the reorganization and therein lies its real interest. It shows how Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and the National City Co., for many years bankers for the St. Paul, commanded the receivership from beginning to end, and under the guidance of some of the best legal minds in the country successfully completed the reorganization in the remarkable time of three years and against opposition likewise lacking neither resources, astute counsel, nor the urge for profits. As a case history of one railroad reorganization the book might be said to be about six years late. But the St. Paul is merely the occasion for the telling of the story. The well-known names, the widely advertised institutions, the prominent people who parade across the pages, are merely the characters in a drama as old as finance itself.

The profit motive has been dominant in reorganizations. That has been possible by virtue of the fact that the process of reorganization has been very largely left to private initiative. The role of the courts has been quite perfunctory except in cases where a courageous judge, like Judge Mack in the Southern District of New York, has discarded ritual for realism. But by and large the conduct of reorganizations has been left to the initiative of large financial interests. That has meant that the average investor has had little or nothing to say. The total sums involved are so great, the investors so scattered, the process so complicated, the expenses so large, that only those with great financial backing have been able to assume the responsibility for getting in the old securities, revamping the capital structure, and marketing the new securities. Fur-

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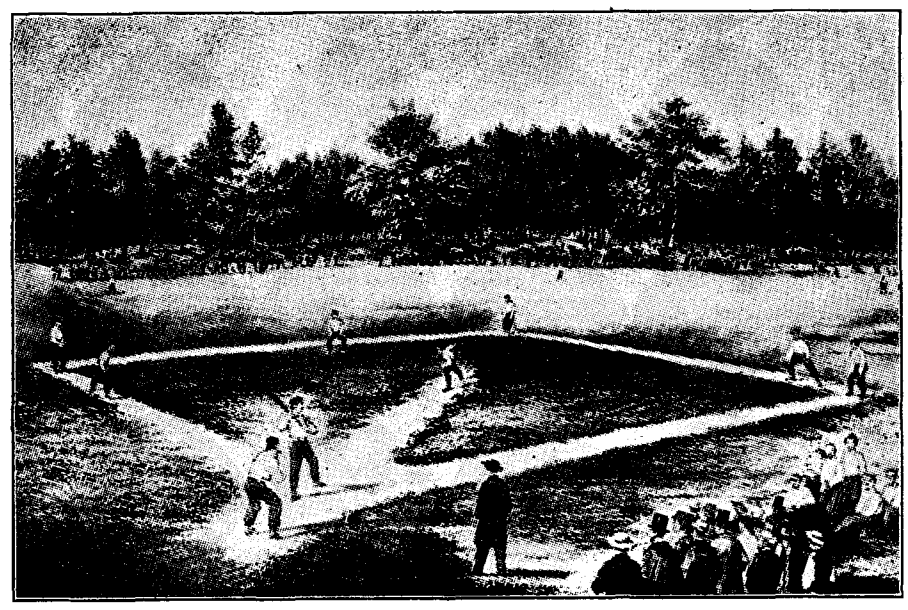

BASEBALL IN THE 'SIXTIES
From "The Fifty Best Currier and Ives Prints" (The Old Print Shop)

The Sportsman's Lexicon

BY JOHN KIERAN

FROM the depths of "The Lexicographer's Easy Chair" in *The Literary Digest* (July 1, 1933) the following is culled: "In modern times, 'It's in the bag' is an expression that has been traced to the sporting world to designate that prize-fights or horse-races have been rigged, and the winners determined on. The origin of the phrase has not been determined."

With all respect to the esteemed Lexicographer, the origin seems plain enough. It goes back to the hunting field, where the partridge, pheasant, or rabbit shot by the gunner was actually put into the game-bag. From that matter-of-fact start, it is easy to trace it to its current slang usage in and beyond the modern world of sports. To the confident or boastful gunner, game still on foot is as good as "in the bag" for him. When it was carried over into other fields of sport as a metaphor, it's true that it acquired a somewhat sinister or cynical interpretation on the turf or around the prize ring, the implication of "rigging," but as far as the phrase itself is concerned, this was an "unearned increment." Furthermore, the sinister implication may or may not be included when the phrase is used even now.

With a horse like Equipoise entered in a race, a confident bettor may say in all innocence of heart: "Why, it's in the bag. He can't lose." But it must be confessed that the sinister implication is included so often that even foreigners visiting our shores quickly pick it up as an Americanism. Thus, when Tom Heeney, the New Zealand blacksmith, was escorted to this county for pugilistic purposes and lost a close decision to Paulino in Madison Square Garden, his English manager, John Mortimer, protested the decision vigorously. He was asked whether or not he thought the bout was "in the bag" for Paulino.

"H'in the bag!" said the infuriated Mr. Mortimer, "H'i should sye it was h'in a jolly big sack!"

But if "in the bag" is easy to trace, there are many other slang and "technical" words and phrases in sports literature that are more difficult to run to earth. Why is a baseball partisan a "rooter"? What is the origin of the word "fungo," the term designating the practice flies that are hit to outfielders with a "fungo stick," a bat very much lighter and thinner than the ordinary weapon of baseball warfare?

The word "knockout" is now interpreted to mean the rendering of a fighter senseless or helpless on the canvas for ten seconds or more. If a man is not on the canvas as the referee stops the bout, it is called "a technical knockout" to distinguish it from a "real knockout." But from the origin of the term in old bare-knuckle days in England, there should be no distinction. Long before the Marquis of Queensbury (Old Q.) drew up his Prize Ring Rules, fighters were "knocked out," and the term did not necessarily mean that they were "knocked out of their senses." They were really "knocked out of time." They could not come up to "the scratch"—the line "scratched" on the turf and which the fighters were supposed to "toe" within thirty seconds of the knockdowns that ended each round in those days. If a fighter cannot continue for any reason, including the halting of the bout by the referee to save a victim unnecessary punishment, the loser is "knocked out," and the description needs no "technical" qualification.

The boxers fight in a "ring" that is a perfect square. Possibly that requires some explanation. In the old bare-knuckle and turf days, it was a ring or circle according to the definition of Euclid and other authorities on plane figures. First, the ring was formed naturally by the interested spectators. Then, stakes were driven and ropes were used to hold back the crowds. Somewhere in the "Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S.," there is a passage concerning his attendance at a prizefight. There were probably two "rings"—a ring within a ring—when the bustling Master Pepys went out to see an exhibition of "the fancy." An outer circle of ropes and stakes held back the common mob. The "bucks and macaronis" and blue bloods and noble lords were privileged to pass that barrier and stand at the inner ring in which the fighters mauled one another. Old English sporting prints show this plainly.

The inner roped ring was still a circle, but in time it was found much easier to

(*Continued on next page*)

Francis Stuart's Novel of Ideas

TRY THE SKY. By Francis Stuart. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

WITH "Try the Sky" Francis Stuart takes his place, if he has not done so already, as one of the most important of the younger novelists; for he is one of the few now writing fiction who has any philosophy to offer that is more than a counsel of despair; and one of the still smaller number whose ideas show a strong progress from book to book. His earlier books, "Pigeon Irish" and "The Coloured Dome," will be remembered as mystical melodramas, in which exciting stories were combined with a masochistic self-abasement that called to mind Dostoievsky; in his present book he is concerned much less with story-telling, and rather less with mysticism, but much more with ideas. The novel form is, in "Try the Sky," merely a convenient means of assembling the representatives of various possible philosophies, and Mr. Stuart is frankly fantastic, almost careless, in his means of bringing them together, postulating a marriage between two people who could never credibly have married each other. What interests him here is what we shall accept of their views of life.

Mr. Stuart's protagonist—who feels the question of what the soul is to do most keenly, and who finds the solution for herself and her lover, who is himself narrator and point of reference of the piece—is an Austrian girl who is made aware of what she calls "The Abyss" by three experiences of her girlhood. She was nearly killed in an accident; she saw a horse fatally injured; and once, through a lighted window, she saw a couple, "a girl in bed and a man sitting on the bed with his head between his hands." Mr. Stuart has the poet's gift of conveying to others those revelations that one sometimes feels at a commonplace sight; and from these incidents, as he makes us see, Carlotta derived a constant fear of all the non-human universe, which is always lying

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This Week

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OUR MOVIE MADE CHILDREN
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MODERN ITALY
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A LIVERPOOL IRISH SLUMMY
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By C. C. REGIER
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AN ITALIAN LETTER
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Next Week or Later

THE AGRARIAN PATTERN
An Essay by KENNETH BURKE

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The Sportsman's Lexicon

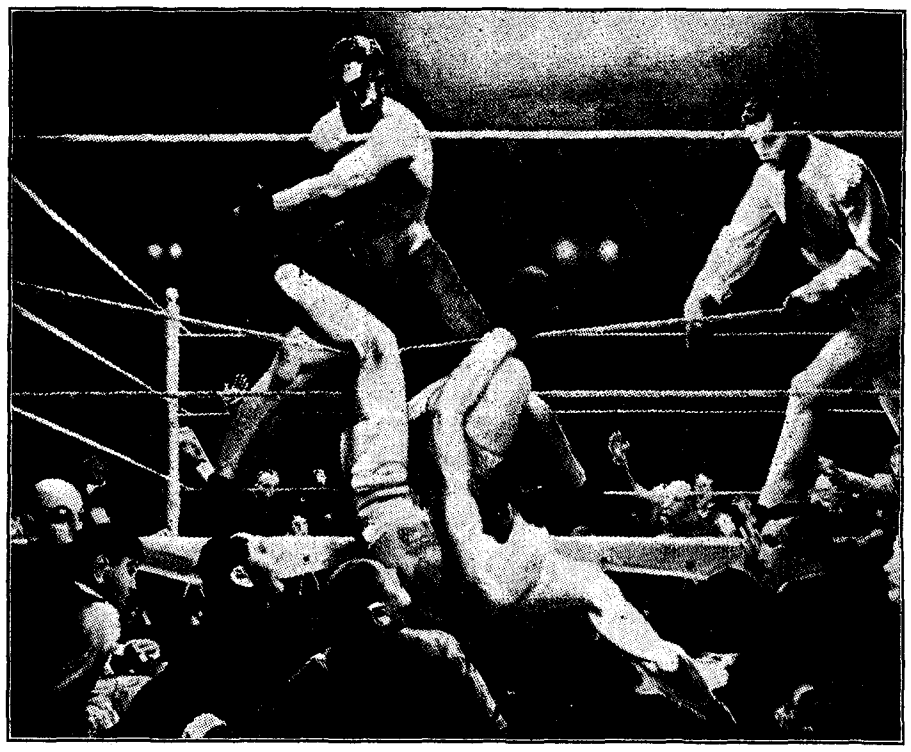
(*Continued from preceding page*)

set up four posts and pull the ropes tight around them. Thus the "ring" became a square.

If a politician announces his candidacy for office nowadays, it might be said of him that he "is throwing his hat into the ring." That slang expression comes straight from the old bare-knuckle days on the turf. Thus William Hazlitt in his essay, "The Fight" (1822), says of Bill Neate the Butcher who gave boastful Tom Hickman, "the Gas Man," a proper beating, that Neate, on approaching the ground of battle, "with a modest cheerful air, threw his hat into the ring." It was, indeed, a customary gesture of challenge and defiance.

There is mention of "slugging" in baseball, and a heavy puncher in the ring is a "slugger." No trouble about the word. It comes directly from the German; *schlagen*, to hit, cuff, strike with force, etc. There is no international debt problem with regard to languages. Words are borrowed freely, and there is never any stipulation about repayment. The baseball pennant is often referred to in slang as "the gonfalon," cribbed without any qualms from the Italian "gonfalone" or banner. A fighter from Texas or New Mexico—close to old Mexico—may be described as "a tough hombre." But when France took up golf, it borrowed the whole glossary of English golf terms to go with it, and a description in French of a golf match is one of the most amusing things imaginable, the two languages are so delightfully thrown together.

In *The American Mercury* of March, 1929, William Henry Nugent had an article dealing with the language of the sports page. Among other things, he stated that "palooka" (i. e., an awkward chump in sport, particularly the ring) comes from the Gaelic; that "ham," a scornful appellation in any line of effort, is derived from the English "h'amateur" shortened for easy handling, and that "fan" as used in "baseball fan" or "boxing fan" traces back



DEMPSEY AND FIRPO
Lithograph by George Bellows (Courtesy Whitney Museum)

Blazing Bosville, the Flaming Tinman, he has the tall, flaxen-haired Isopel Berners calling to Lavengro:

"Now, will you use Long Melford?"

So Lavengro, taking the hint, used "Long Melford"—a right-hand swing—and the Flaming Tinman went down like a scuttle of ashes.

A man may give a friend "a leg up" in more ways than one, but this term comes from the stables and, as far as sport goes, from the "leg up" the little jockey is given as he is tossed aboard his mount in the paddock before the race. Sometimes modern race horses are called, in a rather rough spirit of pleasantry or scornful derision (if the party of the first part has just lost a wager on the animal), "goats" or "pigs." Merely metaphorical, of course, and hardly likely to survive as a thing of beauty or a joy forever. As for such racing slang as:

8-os." Where the term "heat" came from, as used in sport to designate a qualifying trial or one of a series of tests, deponent sayeth not. But in this country it goes back to early colonial days. In "The Pageant of America" (Yale University Press), facsimile reproductions of notices of coming races in Maryland—circa 1740—contain information that the races were to be run in "three heats." On the English turf the term goes far back beyond that.

Horses were "nags" when Will Shakespeare was penning his plays. "Know we not Galloway nags?" queries the valiant Ancient Pistol just before the stout knight, Sir John Falstaff, runs him out of the Boar's Head Tavern. In sporting circles nowadays a small amount of money is scornfully called "chicken-feed." In an article on "Hells in London" in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1832, the English author notes that the game of "hazard"

[illegible]

along on this baby! Hot-cha!"

Even as slang, this is outright shoddy, and the best thing about shoddy is that it wears out quickly. But an article in *The Quarterly Review* of 1832 deals with the turf and mentions "legs" (crooks, touts, sharpers, etc., around the tracks), the "hedging" of bets, the running of races in "heats" and also a certain Mr. O'Kelly, who, probably with an inherited sense of humor, named a famous horse of his "Pot-

[illegible]

There is another phrase, not now in common usage but rather frequently heard only a few years ago: "Pony up!" meaning to put up the money for a bet or a transaction of almost any financial kind. This may trace back to the British slang of "pony" as the designation for twenty-five pounds sterling. "What odds Thunderer?" queries the noble lord. "Ten to one," says the bookie. "I'll take twenty of that," says the noble lord. "Ponies?" queries the bookie. "Right," says the noble lord. "Done!" says the bookie. This was good current slang when Holcroft was writing his racy Memoirs of the days when George IV, Charles Fox, and other such notables were going out to Epsom Downs for the running of the Derby. (Possibly this is erroneous and "pony up" really has a more classical background, coming from the Latin "pono," to place, to put, set down, as in the fifth verse of Horace's famous Twenty-second Ode, to wit: "Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis," etc. The reader is offered his choice, without prejudice.)

The word "poolroom" acquired such a bad odor that the game of pool was practically abolished legally in New York, and it is now against the law in that sovereign state to display any of those signs that bloomed so plentifully of yore: "Pool—2½ cents a cue." The game goes on, of course, but under the more dignified name of "pocket billiards," probably the original and certainly the more appropriate designation. Why was it ever "pool"? Where did that come from? Did England give it to France or France give it to England? Writing *"Le Rouge et le Noir"* something over a hundred years ago, Stendhal describes a scene *"au billard du Casino"* in which *"quelque beau parleur interrompt la poule pour s'égayer aux dépens d'un mari trompé."* There's a start if anyone cares to pursue the subject further.

There seems to be an impression that baseball has a rich slang of its own and that certain baseball writers of two, three, or four decades ago contributed a whole collection of colorful words and phrases to our sports language and literature. This is only partly true. Such writers as Charley Dryden, Allen Sangree, Bill Aulick, "Denver" Smith, Charley Seymour, Eddie Roth, and others came in to liven up the accounts of ball games with wit and metaphor, with sarcasm and satire. But it was hardly slang that they used. Or it was slang merely because words more often used in other fields were borrowed for the use of the diamond. To hit the ball became "to caress the horsehide." To steal a base became "to purloin a hassock." Or it might be: "Swat Milligan (with apologies to the late Col. Bozeman Bulger, another rich contributor in these fields) swung the ash and bounced a beauty off the garden wall in right. He tore past the second station like the midnight freight rumbling through a one-tank town and pulled up at third with his brakes squealing." It may be figurative, but is it slang in the ordinary interpretation of that word?

There are two expressions current in baseball now and invented by the players themselves (mirabile dictu!) that are really slang. When a hitter finds that he has good luck or little trouble making hits off (possibly this is a slang expression right here) a certain pitcher, that pitcher is known as a "cousin" to the hitter. Such hitters will regularly salute their squirming victims with the greeting when they meet: "Hello, Coz!" The other expression is the phrase, "high, hard one," meaning the fast ball thrown by a pitcher. But this phrase is not very well established and may give way to some other designation sooner rather than later.

The "color" in the old baseball stories was in the humor and the metaphor, and also in the rich and personal satire that the rollicking writers poured on the players, owners or umpires who entertained or annoyed them. There was the famous O. P. Caylor, City Editor of *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, who turned to baseball because he liked the sport and liked to write it. He came to New York and turned out some classics of a bantering and vituperative style. Once an umpire whom he had flayed

[illegible]

derly man seated at a desk.

"Where is Mister O. P. Caylor?" boomed the umpire.

"I'm Caylor," squeaked the little old fellow in a high-pitched voice.

The umpire's jaw dropped a foot or so in amazement. He felt he was being balked of his prey. He couldn't possibly hit a little, old fellow like that. But he had to do something. He leaned over and "blew an outward breath" as hard as he could in Caylor's face.

"Ha-woof!" went the umpire, to which he added with an air of satisfied contempt: "You're dead," and turned on his heel and walked out. Those were the days when baseball was all uncivil warfare, on and off the diamond, and Andrew J. Freedman, then owner of the Giants, was barring reporters from his park for pouring ridicule on him in hot words and cold type. It appears that Mr. Freedman, among other things, was not a complete master of style in English, and some of his quaint phrases, as quoted by his roistering critics, are still remembered. It was Charley Dryden who quoted him as saying of a club owner with whom he was having one of his many feuds: "That man is standing on the brink of an abscess!"

But the amount of slang in those stories was small, as it is small in the better sports pages of today. Each sport has its technical terms, of course, but so has each learned profession and all the arts and sciences. What is attractive in the better sports stories is the "color," the breezy style, the use of quaint metaphors to describe thrilling or humorous incidents in the course of competition. Men turn to sports for amusement as well as exercise, and they look for entertainment as well as information in the accounts of games.

With such varied figures as Bill Tilden, Bob Jones, Babe Ruth, Arthur ("The Great") Shires, Primo Carnera, Max Baer, and other colorful competitors on view in this era, the sports writers have not lacked for material any more than Pierce Egan

8:15

By DAVID MCCORD

I HAD looked down the yard
And across every track,
Seeing the night was starred
But the ground still black.

There were two engines: a great
Bull, his iron spouse,
Under the bridge in wait,
Breathing by Westinghouse.

And the cold spreading rails,
Like your fingers crossed,
Turned to their separate trails
Or were sooner lost.

But the thrown switches told
(As they knew in the towers)
Where the next wheels rolled,
By the signal flowers.

And these were green or red,
And some with purple heart:
As one be dead ahead,
And one by world apart.

Each sprung without stem or stalk,
And suspending fire
On the longest walk,
On the fastest flyer.

Such flowers strewn by night
At the switch's groin
Are Idaho, Seabright,
Quebec, Des Moines.

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lacked for material in the days when, as mentioned by David Hoadley Munroe in his history of the Grand National Steeplechase, there were such sporting heroes as John Mytton "who rode bears into dining rooms, cured himself of the drunken hiccoughs by setting his shirt on fire, and never carried a pocket handkerchief for the good and sufficient reason that he never needed to blow his nose!"

These wandering reflections on the words and phrases of the sporting field and the sports pages are offered without even the most vague assumption of authority. For the errors therein, the writer offers the same explanation that Dr. Samuel Johnson gave when a lady asked the learned lexicographer why, in his dictionary, he had defined "pastern" as "the knee of a horse." "Ignorance, Madam," thundered the Great Bear of Literature, "pure ignorance!"

* *

John Kieran is the sports columnist of The New York Times. *The son of the former president of Hunter College, New York City, he once taught school himself.*

Wild Bill Hickok

WILD BILL AND HIS ERA. The Life and Adventures of James Butler Hickok. By William Elsey Connelley. With Introduction by Charles Moreau Harger. New York: The Press of the Pioneers. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

THE extent to which the pioneering process was, socially and culturally, a reversion to barbarism is nowhere better illustrated than in the early history of Kansas. Here, in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, was a society demoralized not only by a disintegrated frontier, but by an internecine strife that merged into the Civil War, and subsequently by the backwash of the cattle kingdom, and all this set off luridly across a background of Puritan morality. It was not paradoxical that Kansas furnished both Carry A. Nation and Wild Bill Hickok: both were symbols of a psychopathic morality.

Mr. Connelley, late Secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, reveals in his biography of Wild Bill something of the intellectual and moral confusion that we associate with the frontier. His picture of Wild Bill is suffused with that romanticism which Lewis Mumford scored so severely in "The Golden Day," and his description of the society in which his hero moved with such miraculous adroitness is thoroughly naive. Yet Wild Bill offers a richly promising opportunity to the social historian. In him were exaggerated all of those qualities that we associate with the frontier; he was Buffalo Bill and Custer and Billy the Kid rolled into one. He rode the pony express, he fought Indians, he scouted, he guided wagon trains along the Santa Fé Trail, he was a spy for the Union army, he was the Marshal at Hays and at Abilene, two of the wickedest cities in the world—and he was a showman, thus acting a caricature of himself, as he himself was a caricature of the society in which he lived. He had those qualities which have always excited the admiration of children: great physical courage, an incredible skill in shooting, a low animal cunning, and an utter disregard for human life. His chief occupation was killing, sometimes in the interests of justice, sometimes in self-defense, often for the sheer thrill of it. It was entirely fitting that he should meet his end by a cold-blooded murder.

Mr. Connelley's biography exhibits on every page a naive admiration of Wild Bill and a nostalgia for the West in which he achieved notoriety. Wild Bill's monotonously frequent murders, his miraculous feats of marksmanship, his hair-breadth escapes, are all recounted with uncritical enthusiasm. As a biography the book is unsatisfactory because it lacks both background and interpretation: it is sheer narrative, and the narration is without significance. But Mr. Connelley's chronicle like some old daguerreotype has an unexpected sincerity, and from it Wild Bill emerges in his true character as a tawdry and petty gunman.

Hollywood's Incubator Babies

OUR MOVIE MADE CHILDREN. By Henry James Forman. With an Introduction by Dr. W. W. Charters. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEANE ZUGSMITH

OF America's children, 28,000,000 are merely guinea pigs whose lives are determined and too often ruined by America's motion pictures. This seems to be the sum of the evidence gathered over a period of four years by social scientists making twelve separate investigations, financed by the Payne Fund, regarding the influence and effects of motion pictures upon our young people. Mr. Forman was deputized to produce a popular summary of the findings. Here it is; and if the parents and teachers, for whom it is apparently intended, take it to heart, only adults will hereafter appear among picture house audiences. If, however, they take it to their minds, these formidable statements and statistics on which so much time and money were lavished will call for questions not answered in this book.

The power of the motion picture as an organ of propaganda reaching more persons than has anything ever in the history of the world is indisputable. Equally, the assumption that of a weekly audience of 77,000,000 in this country, 28,000,000 are children seems correct, if not conservative. Next, we are told that children retain seventy per cent of what they see and hear on the screen, and these memories often expand with the passage of time. Therefore, since the overwhelming majority of our pictures are devoted to the trinity of crime, sex, and love, these children are carrying away memories that will gravely mark their lives. But this retentive power of the child must apply to other aspects of his life. His average attendance at movies is estimated to be once a week. The rest of the week, he is either exposed to salutary environment influences or to the homely quarrels of his parents, if not more serious maladjustments, or to the regimentations and sometimes false indoctrinations of his school, or to the personal and sometimes neurotic idiosyncrasies of any adult or child with whom he comes in regular contact. A seventy per cent retention, with possible future expansion, of these memories really makes a solid front.

Unquestionably, children's esthetic sensibilities are not being developed and are being harmed by the run of American movies. So are those of adults. But since the books of the film industry show great losses on its occasional intrinsically artistic films, it would appear that neither adults nor children will support such films. It is also true that juvenile ethics are affected when the boy chooses a jaunty gangster as his hero and the girl an alluring loose lady as her heroine. Their ethics are also affected by the distorted sentimental values in most pictures; but we find no complaint about it in this highly moral discussion.

Inconsistent with the plea to protect our children from the harrowing realities portrayed on the screen (and the reiteration of the crime, sex, and love motifs is, after all, a mirror to our times), and yet truly valuable, is the comment that the world therein represented has, for the most part, no economics. "The movie world is built upon Oslerian lines," writes Mr. Forman. It was found that from ninety-five to eighty-five per cent of the leading characters of the screen are wealthy and many of these have no occupations. "Were the population of the United States, the population of the globe itself," he continues, "so arranged and distributed, there would be no farming, no manufacturing, almost no industry; no vital statistics (excepting murders), almost no sciences, no economic problems, and no economics."

This is significant criticism of an artificiality that could well produce serious effects on children. But, again, these same children are partially immunized even to this by constant participation in, or observation of, the daily economic problems within their family groups. It goes without saying that children of the wealthy do not need the influence of movies to bring about a belief in an Oslerian world.

Sleep was found to be excessively affected by movie-going, and these effects were measured by a hypograph. The psycho-galvanometer measured intensity of emotion during performances; in other fashions, nervous and physiological reactions were tested. The results showed acceleration of heart-beats, emotional disturbances, etc., and do indeed tend to support the already-accepted contention that certain types of motion pictures are inadvisable for children of varying ages. The child already predisposed to excitability should be very carefully guarded. We do wish that these reactions could be compared with scientific data gathered on the effects of motors' backfire, police cars, fire engines, ambulances, thunder storms, and other natural phenomena as they have their impact on the child.

Great stress is laid on an increase of juvenile delinquency and crime stated as directly traceable to the movies. The film "Little Cæsar" is regarded as having produced the most violent consequences. A questionnaire, distributed among boys in a neighborhood with a high delinquency rating, brought forth an almost complete majority preference for crime pictures. The same queries elicited a preference for airplane pictures in a neighborhood with a low delinquency rating. Speaking of the first neighborhood, Mr. Forman rather artlessly quotes Professor Thrasher: "The boy of this community can with ease identify himself with the character portrayed"; Mr. Forman then points out that the showing of crime pictures will apply the match to the powder keg of bad environment and social disorganization. But a boy who has lived his life in a neighborhood where poverty joins hands with lawlessness has his heroes in the corner poolroom, and what he can learn from the movies is pale in comparison.

Many cases, all gathered from institutions for delinquents and older criminals, are given, in which boys and girls blame the movies for their anti-social conduct. Some of the boys admitted to learning the technique there for committing certain crimes. The technique is not, however, commensurable with the desires; and had these boys waited until their own bungling methods had landed them in institutions, supported by the state, they would have learned far more ingenious techniques from their fellow prisoners.

So, while the movies certainly make inroads on children's nerves and can be shown as contributing causes for the making of criminals and sex delinquents, our children are not "movie-made." They are the products of their immediate environments, their daily associations, their digestive tracts, their parents' ways of life and thought, their own economic and physical predicaments, and numerous other impacts, including the movies. If four years of time can be devoted to recutting the social fabric in this fashion, what is the worth of snipping off an edge here and there? The cloth wants reweaving.

* *

Leane Zugsmith, author of "Never Enough" and other fiction, is at work on a novel of juvenile delinquency to be called "A Preface to Guilt."

THE TRUANT
Drypoint by Albert Sterner (From "Fine Prints of the Year," 1931. Minton, Balch)

Italian Annals

MODERN ITALY. By George B. McClellan. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO

THIS book summarizes the principal events in the history of modern Italy from the Congress of Vienna to the present; the part played by Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour, by Gioberti, Pius IX, and Ricasoli; the crucial events of 1848, Novara, Solferino, 1866, and 1870; the dominance of the government of the right up to 1870; the swing toward the left under Depretis, Crispi, and Giolitti; the events of the war, and the rise of Fascism. Especially useful is its narration of Italy's participation in the World War; the rise to power of Fascism, and the chief events of the fascist rule.

As the book "makes no claim to scholarship," it being based, as the author states, "entirely on the researches of other men," some of its defects may be overlooked. And yet it is difficult not to point out the more striking ones. For example, it fails to mention the crucial significance to the entire war of the Battle of the Piave during which, one noon, only one trench and a handful of men made up the Italian defense while the Austrians had considerable troops just on the other side; or the anti-war activities of the Catholic Church; or the rumored plot by which the Duca d'Aosta, d'Annunzio, and Mussolini were to overthrow the monarchy and establish a triumvirate. It deals with the Matteotti murder superficially; terms the Corfu affair a "diplomatic success," Masonry in Italy "a state within a state"; it does not mention the secret anti-fascist movement, or the four major attempts made on Mussolini's life.

The most fundamental defect of the book lies in its swallowing, hook and all, the ethnic myth that the Italians are incapable of self-government, failing to perceive the contradiction between the story which it is attempting to narrate and this theory. Yet, in spite of defects, it has usefulness.

Professor Constantine Panunzio is author of "Deportation Cases," "The Soul of an Immigrant," "Immigration Crossroads," and other works.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Apotheosis of Pragmatism

We often wonder, these times, just how many hours per heavenly day William James, the great pragmatist, spends chuckling. Does he sit up on a celestial stool and say "I told you so" to Josiah Royce, the last great Harvard idealist? For pragmatism—"a thing is true if it works"—has, at last, become the official way of thought of the United States government, and of our citizens, more or less. All old-style moral criteria, all form and semblance of a fixed governing philosophy, seem thrown to the winds. The government is, under the new legislation, committed to dealing merely with the sufficient evil of the oncoming day. "A sound and stable currency" may mean gold one month, the next month an unanchored dollar, and the next a dollar that is worth, in terms of the old gold content, merely seventy cents. Roosevelt and his corps of advisers are committed solely to trying "what works." Yes, we have a pragmatic government at last.

And so it may be said that the great naturalistic movement of the nineteenth century has finally reached its apotheosis. Even William James, the father of pragmatism (if we choose to discount the contribution of Charles Pearce), was not truly a pragmatist. During the Spanish-American War, for example, James so far forgot himself as to talk about metaphysical things. The United States, he said, was losing its "ancient soul" (surely a metaphysical entity) by entering upon the path of imperialist expansion through our Philippine adventuring. This objection was not based upon an observation of "what works" in practice, for James had no scientific data to go on in his formulation of a judgment as to the value of imperialism. For all he knew, it might have turned out a very good thing for both Filipino and American that we did not let the island men go free. This is not to say that James did not guess right, along with the Colorado sugar interests, although for different reasons. But just now, with millions out of work and currencies and trade in a parlous state, all talk of "souls" sounds silly.

How big a break with tradition the new day opportunism involves ought to be apparent to all. For, although pragmatism has long been taught in the more Deweyan of our schools, our leaders — Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Coolidge, and Hoover, every last one of them—have talked in terms of Protestant morality. As Charles Beard has pointed out, Coolidge could not even send marines to the Caribbean to protect American interests without talking of "God's will." Wilson was always a Presbyterian, and Hoover had a mystical belief in some God-ordained "American system." (A professor of philosophy could have told him that any system chosen by Americans would be, ipso facto, "American.") And as for Franklin's fifth cousin, Theodore, he would very probably have been horrified for publication purposes if he had been told that government must be adjusted to a price level; government was something sacred in itself to T. R., at least on the level of his conscious mind, and if "trust busting" were to "bust" a price level, well, so much the worse for the price level. But with Franklin Roosevelt, anything goes just so long as the price level can be made to rise.

It matters not to pragmatic "brain trusters" whether the business philosophy of the United States remains individualistic, or goes collectivistic. It matters not to F. D. R. whether we are to have state socialism, state capitalism, or a species of democratic syndicalism. He and his advisers are committed to but one thing—to "taking the next step," which means, in practice, keeping the most people alive the longest. This is pragmatism with a vengeance. It may be "good" or "bad," depending on whether or not governmental regimentation of our economic life is pushed to control from the top by dictatorial processes. If it is pushed to rigorous control, philosophical individualists will bemoan the fact, and socialists will smile broadly. But the perfect pragmatist will judge the result on one plane only—does "it work to keep the most people alive the longest?" Through all the movements of these days, the onlooker gets one impression: that Franklin Roosevelt and his government care not for either "American systems" or the collective state. They are bent upon one thing: upon being pragmatic. We have seen a philosophy, once a plaything of the Harvard classrooms of William James, once the pet enthusiasm of a rebel professor, John Dewey, at last enthroned. How long it will remain enthroned only the perverse gods of history can tell.

The Pipe of Peace

Elsewhere on this page Mr. Bernard De Voto takes exception to an editorial suggestion advanced in these columns three weeks back. Mr. De Voto's tingling "Mark Twain's America" provided us with a week of pleasure last Fall, in spite of a few minor intellectual disagreements. If only in memory of this pleasure, we are inclined to grant him his point about "pioneering materialism." But to make our own position plain, we want to recall Bernard Shaw's apothegm about marriage, which "combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity." Just so does a pioneer country combine the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity for materialists. Only in this light can that battledore-and-shuttlecock phrase of the intellectuals, "pioneering materialism," be understood. We readily agree with Mr. De Voto that the materialistic impulses of Americans are no less, and no more, reprehensible or prevalent than the similar impulses of the Argentines and the Portuguese and the Greeks, to say nothing of Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Dutchmen. If Mr. De Voto will meet us in our East Haddam, Conn., wigwam (F.O.B., Sears-Roebuck, Chicago, $300) we guarantee to smoke the pipe of peace.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

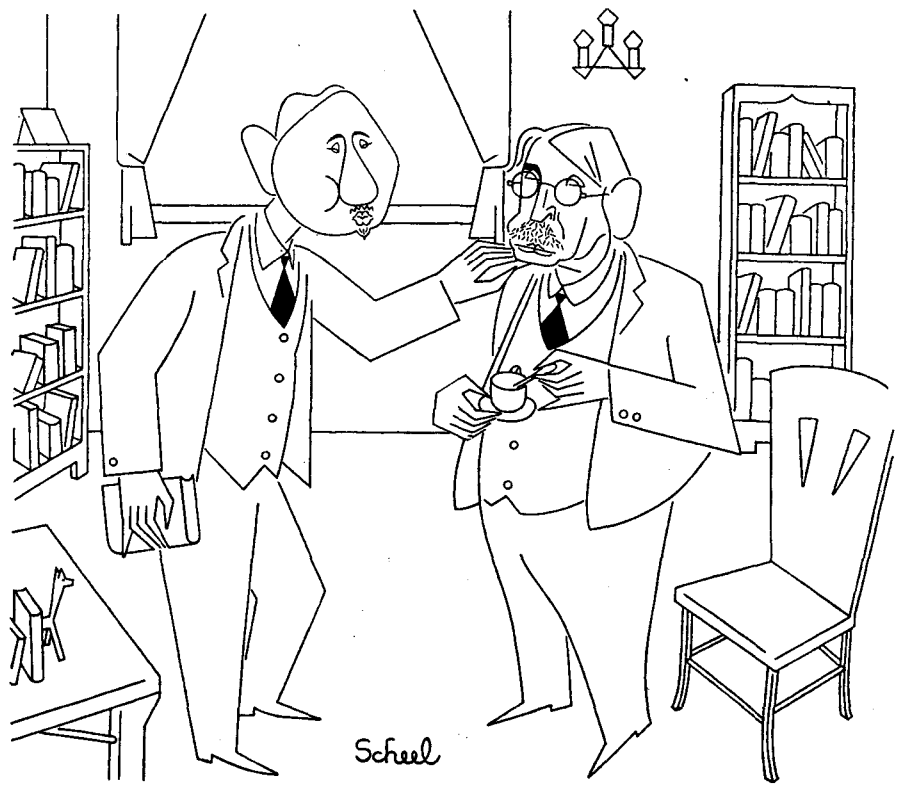
ONCE AGAIN IN CHICAGO. By MINNIE HITE MOODY. *King.* From World's Fair to World's Fair in Chicago. Good realism.

HE ARRIVED AT DUSK. By R. C. ASHBY. *Macmillan.* An ingenious mystery-ghost story reeking with English fog.

THE NOVELS AND PLAYS OF SAKI. *Viking.* With two full-length novels, three plays, and satirical sketches.

This Less Recent Book:

ORANGE VALLEY. By HOWARD BAKER. *Coward-McCann.* A glowing novel of the California fruit country.



WILL DURANT: "THEY TELL ME YOU'RE A PHILOSOPHER, TOO, MR. DEWEY."

To the Editor: *A Prayer Over A Buffalo Skull*

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

Mr. De Voto Wins

Sir: God forbid that I should trouble any one's sleep. But if your insomniac can put a curse on me for revision, may I not ask him to read my book more carefully before he hollers? I will pay any reasonable sum per word for quotations from "Mark Twain's America" in which I assert that the Mississippi steamboat trade was *not* "materialism." In fact, my memory of the book (I will not undertake the re-reading I prescribe for your sleep-walker) is that I definitely presented it as "materialism." Whether or not it was "pioneering materialism" I didn't say and can't say now, for I don't know what that beautiful phrase means. I have exhausted the resources of history and I have sung endless incantations over the buffalo skull bequeathed to me by my Piute godfather without being able to perceive the difference between a pioneer's materialism and any one else's materialism. There is not, even, a difference between the materialism of the Mississippi steamboat trade and that of the Atlantic packet trade of the same years. If your insomniac will look into the practices of competing English, Dutch, French, and Swedish steamship companies of the period he will, I think, decide that materialism in the carrying business is not specifically a pioneering characteristic, or even specifically an American one.

That is my whole point. My melancholy quarrel with Messrs. Brooks, Frank, and Mumford proceeds from their insistence that pioneer life was somehow more "materialistic" than life anywhere else in America, and that this same "materialism," somehow as a result of the frontier, suffused American life. My book expressed my dissent from that beautiful simplicity. I tried to show that the frontier was not the clear and simple thing that those gentlemen make it out to be. Throughout the book I insisted on the complexity of the frontier, but I seem to have made a mistake when I grouped like things together in chapters. The insomniac thinks that I was contradicting myself from chapter to chapter, and a recent contributor of yours said the same thing with a loud yell. Whereas I was merely making chapters—I thought it was the conventional thing to do.

BERNARD DE VOTO.

Lincoln, Mass.

Chicago's Dynamo

Sir: I was much interested in Burton Rascoe's "private theory that nearly all Chicagoans are hyperthyroid." Enlargement of the thyroid is common in the Great Lakes region. Mr. Rascoe is correct in stating that an iodine deficiency is a factor, but it has been shown recently that a positive factor is also essential. My own theory is that certain persons, more especially females, are born with a relatively inferior thyroid. When such persons lead a strenuous life in regions in which iodine is deficient, the thyroid cannot meet the increased demand, and in making the effort enlarges. The enlargement is associated with increased excitability, so that we have a vicious circle. As Mr. Rascoe says, "people in Chicago are high-strung and excited."

The energetic and ambitious tend to migrate to our large urban centers, where they can obtain the largest return for their labor, so that hyperthyroidism is increasing in such centers. In the November, 1932, issue of the Statistical Bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company it is reported that the mortality from hyperthyroidism among their Industrial policyholders has doubled in the last twenty years.

CHARLES HERRMAN, M.D.

New York City.

Shade of a Shade

Sir: Mr. Max Eastman, in the last paragraph of his review of "The Secret of Laughter" in a recent *Saturday Review of Literature* cites one more evidence of the irresponsibility of the modern literary "mind." I would cite another, in "All's Fair in Chicago" in the same number:

Mr. Burton Rascoe says of the Field Museum, that next to the Parthenon it is "perhaps the most austerely beautiful work of architecture anywhere."

It is on the contrary a supreme example of "the dead hand" in architecture: the shade of a shade, the copy of a copy.

New York City. CLAUDE BRAGDON.

Channing Letters

Sir: Alice and Rollo Silver are preparing a biography of William Ellery Channing (1818-1901), the poet better known as Ellery Channing. They would appreciate any information concerning his letters and manuscripts. Replies may be addressed to them at 351 West 55th St., New York City.

New York City. ROLLO G. SILVER.

An Old Shoe

Sir: George Frisbee contends that Edward DeVere wrote the plays for which the name "Shakespeare" is honored. So what? Call him Shakespeare, call him DeVere, call him, if it should please Mr. Frisbee, George Q. Snatch. Does this make Antony less eloquent or Touchstone less a wag? Not, I'm sure your readers will agree, one jot or tittle. "A rose by any other name," said Shakespeare (or DeVere) (or Snatch), "etc."

Mr. Frisbee's most recent caterwauls have included some rather discourteous reference to Profs. of Eng. Lit. I submit that Profs. of Eng. Lit. are very much like attys. and ins. brkrs. and mech. engrs. Some of them are pleasant and some ugly; some are quick and some dull; some wise and some foolish. Categorical statements like Mr. Frisbee's are naive. I suppose that you will have to allow Mr. Frisbee to bay at the moon as long as he continues to pay. But do not be surprised if an occasionally irritable subscriber like me cannot resist the temptation to throw open the shutter and have at him behind the ear with an old shoe.

ROBERT M. CUNNINGHAM JR.

Glencoe, Ill.

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Slums of the Mersey

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LIVERPOOL IRISH SLUMMY. By Pat O'Mara. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by MURRAY GODWIN

LIVERPOOL, I see by Pat O'Mara's book, is about the place I thought it was. I remember staring at its dark, endless docks from the deck of a badly bunged troopship, one night in 1918, and being startled by a string of lights that shot out from nowhere and streamed across the Mersey, at what seemed an extraordinary height, to the Birkenhead side. O'Mara says this elevated line actually skirts Liverpool's seven miles of docks and offers the most efficient available means of viewing the parallel miles of slums which were the stamping ground of his boyhood and youth, and which on three or four occasions nearly were the death of him.

Yes, I should not wonder but he would have died of them if he hadn't gotten away. I do not think the route I took through the city brought me any remarkable contact with the dockland district where O'Mara came near not growing up; one doesn't do much worthwhile sightseeing with eighty pounds of food, lodging, and armament on the back of one's neck anyway. But at Knotty Ash, where we waited for nightfall before entraining again, I could not but observe—across a low boundary wall—a straggling parade of about the hardest looking lot of biddies I ever laid eyes on—hunch-shouldered, prognathous, in men's coats and caps; and it was impressed on me that an area which developed such a type in such numbers would be a splendid place to avoid, for a working man. O'Mara's book leaves no doubt in one's mind that, unless one owns a shipyard, a steamship line, or something of the sort, or perhaps has a lien on a position lucrative enough to allow of commuting from Cheshire, one had better stow away on the first boat that offers itself, and trust to luck. It would be difficult to find a worse location for wageworking.

Reading the O'Mara autobiography gives you a picture of a huddle of tenements and a sprawl of courts—areaways at the end of narrow alleys ("like an unseen tooth cavity," says O'Mara, of Court 14), crammed with filthy, thin-walled shacks, and equipped with primitive common latrines at which queues of tenants with old newspapers eternally wait in line. From six to ten people infest a tenement room. The average court holds twenty-five families of dockworkers, hawkers, charwomen, seamstresses, and begging children. When night falls the courts resound with blows, screams, and curses. Drunken men beat drunken women. Rivals waylay one another in the dark. Elderly low-priced crones ply their trade in the blacker corners and huge tomcats quest with luminous eyes. The region abounds in madmen and usurers, touts for bawds, and gyps on the wait for sailormen. There are whole families, indeed whole clans, of gyps, for few dockworkers care to overlook the chance of carting home a lonely Scandivanian deckhand who has a pocketful of coin, and keeping him around until he has bought shoes for the children, rings for the girls, and liquor for all the tribe.

O'Mara's father was always on the lookout for this kind of a bonanza, and on one occasion the victim, after spending even his advance note for his next voyage, seems to have died through his experience. Another racket at which the old fellow was adept was gouging compensation from shipping companies for injuries made to order. A hard life, even for the winners, at this level. To top off a picture of the district, one should observe that it is dominated by such public buildings as the Working Boys' Home, the Rose Hill lock-up, the Brownlow Hill Workhouse, and the Olive Mount Training School. Young O'Mara, with his mother and sister, tried both latter institutions in the course of his harried life in the slums. Perhaps it was not the worst thing in the world that under the pressure of existence in the district, his lungs began to fold up on him in his early 'teens, giving him a chance to catch his breath at West Kirby Sanitarium in Cheshire—which generally was about as different from the Liverpool side of the Mersey as Port Sunlight (the Lever Brothers model community is located there) was from Scotland Road.

Two blessings came almost simultaneously to the O'Maras in 1914. The family segregated itself from the old man, putting the police power between. This separation enabled Mrs. O'Mara to recover what senses she had left after the births and beatings she had been through, and to concentrate more on her work. And the War arrived, opening the ranks of the British merchant marine workers to admit young, green hands like Pat O'Mara. Pat had some close calls in the submarine zone and was dangerously injured aboard the *Baltic*, when an excited fellow worker dropped a shell on his foot. But eventually his career at sea led him to Baltimore and a taxi-driver's job, with a moderately successful experience in writing, on the side.

Murray Godwin, who landed with the A. E. F. in Liverpool in 1918, was at one time editor of the Ford Motor Company house organ at Dearborn, Michigan.

A Novelist Who Can Tell a Story

LIVINGSTONES. By Derrick Leon. New York: The John Day Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDITH H. WALTON

TO the novelist, there is something irresistibly tempting about the Grand Hotel technique. It provides the most convenient device imaginable for weaving together a number of disparate life stories, and for satisfying that elemental type of curiosity which longs to strip off the façade from an apartment house, a big office building, an ocean liner. With little trouble on the author's part, it imposes form, focus, and logic where otherwise confusion might reign. It can, at times, be a lazy man's trick.

Derrick Leon, a young Englishman of twenty-five whose first novel this is, has differed from the Vicki Baum method in selecting as his Grand Hotel an establishment where personal relationships are by

DERRICK LEON

no means wholly haphazard and casual. Livingstones is a prosperous firm of interior decorators, quartered in a Mayfair mansion and catering only to the rich and the fashionable. The lives of its owners, its employees, and its clients prove, when traced by omniscience, to be very closely interlocked—so much so that one is inclined to think the pattern a little too neat. This, however, is Mr. Leon's deliberate intention. When all the threads are drawn together in a dramatic climax, one of his characters is somewhat naively struck by the inevitability of the pattern, by the curious way in which people are linked. "Nothing," she says, "can be entirely accidental."

Since "Livingstones" is a stout, sprawling novel of 653 pages, with heaven knows how many characters in it, to give any notion of its complex design would obviously be impossible. The main figure is a sensitive, likeable young man called Eric Davis, a new employee of the firm, who falls in love with the daughter of a wealthy client and is wounded and disillusioned by her under circumstances of exceptional cruelty. There is, also, the owner, Reginald Townsend, a selfish, shallow, middle-aged man who attempts to seduce the little telephone clerk whose pitiful emotions he has roused; there is his lovely, frustrated wife; there is his son, Tom—a good-natured handsome fool who inevitably attracts rich married clients with fading charms. Above all, there is the whole staff of the firm, wrangling with each other, getting on each other's nerves, agonizing over their jobs when hard times come, centering a large part of their existence in Livingstones.

The English critics, including the fluent Mr. Gerald Gould, were apparently immensely impressed by Mr. Leon's novel. Their enthusiasm seems a little strange, though not wholly inexplicable. "Livingstones" has body, richness, variety. The many diverse stories in it are blended rather skilfully, and Mr. Leon quite credibly analyzes the emotions of an astonishing variety of types, from aging society women to Embankment bums and wretched little street walkers. Furthermore—and presumably because he is, himself, in the business—he gives a really admirable picture of the inner workings of an interior decorating firm, of the special problems, dramas and rivalries natural to such an establishment.

His special knowledge also acts, however, as a drawback. Mr. Leon seems to be intent upon telling everything that he knows. He piles detail upon detail, endlessly, inexorably, until at times one seems to be swirling about in a vortex of draperies, damasks, furniture and fittings. The reason, evidently, is that he is not yet sufficiently expert to select and condense.

Finally, it is hard to understand how even a rhapsodic English critic could overlook the inadequacies of Mr. Leon's style—which is stiff, awkward, and distressingly given to clichés. Obviously he can have no ear, no sense of the distastefulness of too much repetition, or else he would not perpetrate so many sentences like this: "While he had been with Mr. Brinton Eric had earned very little, not even enough to keep himself even in his little room in Moon Street." He would not, also, wind himself up hopelessly in long involved parenthetical clauses which it would be difficult for even a Henry James to untangle satisfactorily.

That, despite these defects, "Livingstones" is as good a book as it is, is a considerable tribute to Mr. Leon. He has vitality; he knows how to build up sharply individual characters; he has assimilated a large tract of material on which to draw. Furthermore he can, at times, handle a situation with tact, charm, and conviction—as in the minor story of Maggs and his Edna. Greatly as he needs discipline, and lacks distinction of style, it is not impossible that his later books may be very good indeed. He has, at least, the story teller's gift; since he is young, one can reasonably hope that he will discard his rather amateurish philosophizing.

Edith H. Walton was formerly editor of the book review department of THE FORUM.

Francis Stuart's Novel

(*Continued from first page*)

ready to swallow up all the peculiarly human values. When Carlotta fell in love with José, the Irishman who tells the story, when she felt her life becoming more tender and more exalted, her fear of that deep abyss became greater. She communicates to José her fear that everything outside the soul is lying in wait to destroy it; they try to live together in the cloudy region of the soul; and when their love finds its physical consummation, José says sadly and fearfully, "The earth has had its first victory, taken its first fortress."

In the course of the story the two are brought into contact with three other people who symbolize the possible ways of meeting the fear of the abyss. The most important of them is a Canadian Indian, the daughter of a chief, a dark princess with the incongruous name of Buttercup. Buttercup is not afraid of that abyss of non-human things; she has accepted it and belongs to it. She cares nothing for all that is peculiar to humanity, but only for what it shares with all life. She is indifferent to the suffering of others, content to die back into the earth when her time comes. To the earth itself, the place in Canada where she lives, she has an attachment that makes her impregnable. It is, says the author, "the mysticism of the earth against the mysticism of love." But one can no more have her view of life by taking thought than one can have that of a hawk; if one's grandfathers knew of Christ and of romantic love, it is too late.

Against Buttercup is set the figure of a nun, who is also undisturbed and happy. She and Buttercup recognize a common quality in each other at once; one denies the spiritual, the other the physical, and they have both found peace. The nun's salvation is attractive (as one would guess it must be to the author of "Pigeon Irish"); but it is lonely. There is no help there for José and Carlotta, who are already committed to love of each other.

Between the nun and Buttercup stands a man called Beltane (who is, most improbably, presented as Buttercup's husband), the mean, sensual man, the representative of the great mass of humanity, who troubles as little as possible about the abyss, and takes all the pleasures he can get hold of. For a time he succeeds well enough, but his end is horrible, for in a fantasia in the latter part of the book he falls into the trough of his own pleasures and suffers in a hell of plovers' eggs stuffed with strawberries which are in turn stuffed with truffles.

FRANCIS STUART

The first half of the book is fine prose narrative, with characterizations and incidents to hold the interest by themselves, and all through it a haunting impression of saying more than one can quite grasp. The second part of the book, however, is frankly allegorical, consisting of a flight in an airplane named "The Spirit," and is increasingly unrealistic in treatment. Mr. Stuart's solution must be read in his own words, for, like all true symbols, his symbols say more than can be said in any other way, and any attempt to translate them is apt to make them ridiculous. From the point of view of abstract literature, the conclusion is perhaps somewhat inferior to Mr. Stuart's other work; allegory is notoriously an unsatisfactory form, even in the hands of an author so imbued with the spirit of symbolism; and the change from a fairly realistic treatment to a vein of fantasia is not altogether happy. But it succeeds, as Mr. Stuart's earlier novels did not quite succeed, in giving an answer to the problem set.

"Try the Sky" is a book that ought to be read, for it has something to say to our times. In a bald summary it would seem platitudinous, for the great truths of conduct are well known; but it is so presented as to appear intensely new to its generation, as all the truths must be presented. Carlotta attains a state in which the blackness of the abyss seems only a fitting background for the exalted human spirit; just as (comparing small things with great, in the manner of the great parables) her lover once felt that the ruin of a whole castle was no more than a suitable setting for a splendid young horse he saw there. And her exaltation is more integral than that of Buttercup or the nun, or than the self-abasement of "Pigeon Irish." She learns to dare the sacrifice if it is needed, but to dare also to enjoy the good in the world. She reaches the plane where she is not afraid of pleasure, any more than of pain; she and José find that they must be willing to lose their life, but willing also to have life and have it more abundantly.

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Through the Nose

(*Continued from first page*)

thermore, it has been inevitable that the performance of this financial and management function should gravitate to the financial associates of the company. Having once landed there, it has also been inevitable that the control over the reorganization should follow into the same hands—inevitable, not only, as Mr. Lowenthal points out, because the tradition established in the law was made out of comparable situations, but also because the event of insolvency is usually known far enough in advance for the insiders to make adequate preparation and thus outdistance possible rivals; because the security lists are generally available only to the insiders who may therefore with dispatch solicit deposits and obtain substantial percentages of security holders before the opposition is able to organize; and because courts have been reluctant to take an active part in the formulation of reorganization practices and policies.

With the courts in the passive role, the battle of private interests has been waged in a relentless and costly manner. The strategy and tactics are beautifully unfolded by Mr. Lowenthal. He shows how the cost of the battle which is waged is paid by the investor—by the investor who cannot, and who probably never can, act for himself. Mr. Lowenthal does not show an alternative system but points out the evils, prominent or latent, in the old system. The book challenges attention to those weaknesses and in so doing becomes the most constructive piece of thinking in the field of corporation finance.

Mr. Lowenthal builds his story on official documents and on testimony and arguments before the Interstate Commerce Commission and the courts. High spots of testimony are often quoted. There is at all times a clear separation of reported facts and events and the author's viewpoint or criticism of them. Thus the book is remarkably clean of distortion. And so clearly does it sharpen issues that on the basis of the data submitted supporters of the system could prove the opposite of many of Mr. Lowenthal's conclusions.

Much that is related about the St. Paul is obsolete since the enactment of the amendments to the Bankruptcy Act relative to reorganization of railroads. Under those amendments the courts and the Interstate Commerce Commission move into a position of dominance and at last by legislative mandate have it in their power to change the whole tenor of railroad reorganization. Yet, as noted above, Mr. Lowenthal's indictment is not of the St. Paul, or of railroad reorganizations particularly, but of the system. That system is in general as applicable to reorganizations of industrial as of railroad corporations. In fact, in many reorganizations not so much in the public eye as railroads the weaknesses portrayed by Mr. Lowenthal in the St. Paul are magnified a hundred times. The racketeering which has gone on in many lesser reorganizations make the St. Paul procedure look like the model of efficiency, righteousness, and virtue. And judged on the basis of the system employed the St. Paul reorganization was probably one of the best to date. But there can be no doubt that the system involved needs serious and radical overhauling in the direction of providing fair and adequate representation for all conflicting interests, of supervising the constitution and conduct of committees, of regulating fees, of affording investors protection at the time of the formulation of the plan rather than years later, and of separating the banker's function of rendering financial advice from the function of promotion.

But these ends will not be reached overnight. Meanwhile, billions will be refunded; hundreds of committees will be formed; dozens of reorganizations will be accomplished. In that process the investors will continue to pay—many, dearly. That is why every investor should read this book, though it may make him slightly jaundiced. He may not fall into as kindly hands as those of the bankers in the St. Paul. Though he is to a great extent helpless, the more he knows the less easy will it be to lead him to the slaughter.

* *

William O. Douglas is professor of Law in the Law School of Yale University.

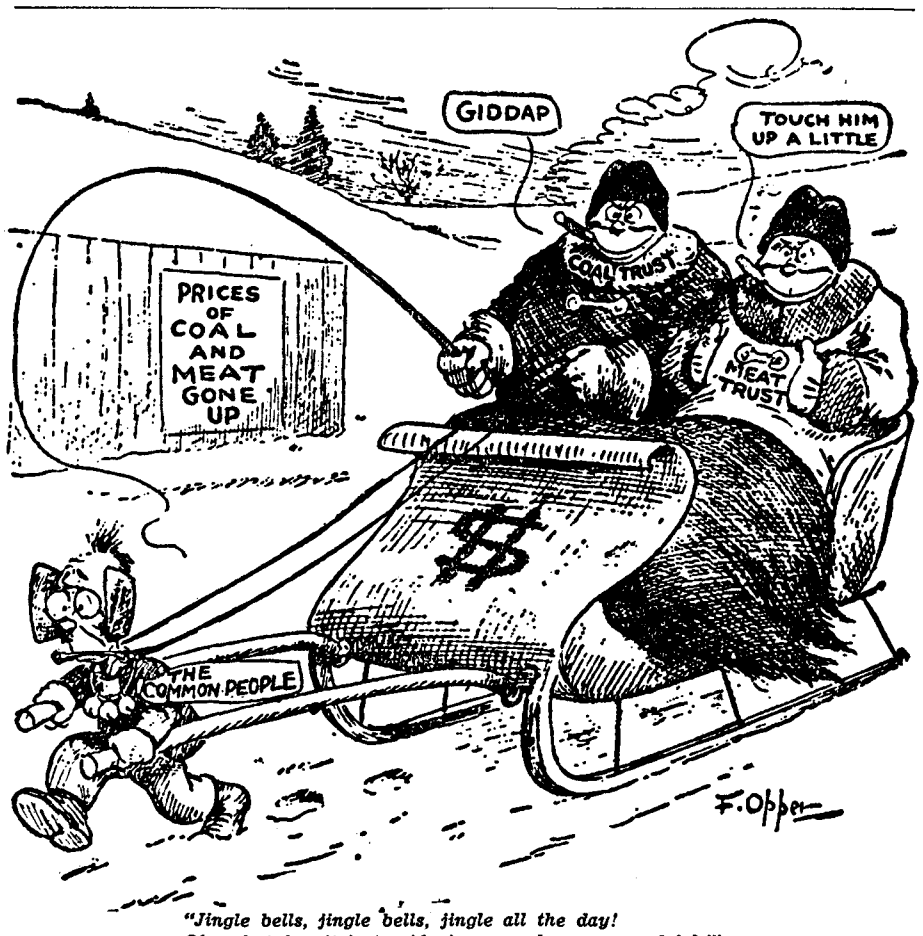
The Messianic Muckrakers

THE ERA OF THE MUCKRAKERS. By C. C. Regier. Chapel Hill, N. C.: University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE

FUTURE historians in plotting the emergence of a civilization in the United States will have in Dr. Regier's "The Era of the Muckrakers" a useful record of one of its more significant passages. In retrospect the place of the movement in the formation may appear nearer foundation than is now suspected but that it amounted to a definite contribution they are bound to allow.

This is a painstaking and accurate account of the origin and growth of the types of periodicals that arose in the late eighties and nineties of the nineteenth century, especially those that burgeoned into prominence and influence in the twentieth. The background of change, unrest, and agitation which they articulated, and the mechanics that made large circulations possible, are clearly set forth. F. A. Munsey is disclosed as the pioneer progenitor of the type, but as dividing primary honors with S. S. McClure and J. Brisben Walker. They were not competitors but synchronous percipients of the same opportunity drawn into different phases of its field. Each had a genius of his own, was quite inexplicable and uncomfortable to live with.



"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the day!
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!"
Opper in The New York American, January 10, 1910

It is not shown nor could it be proved very well that in publishing the Tarbell Standard Oil story McClure and his associates were consciously crusading. But magazines must reflect the spirit and movement of their period and the stuff was in the air. Joseph Pulitzer and Hearst were busy launching their thunderbolts against plutocratic profiteering, and the scandals of municipal misgovernment had become notorious. Exposure was no novelty, but exposition of the bearing of such malpractice on national interests as a whole, was. Where *McClure's* scored was in the creation of a technique that lifted the subject matter of contention from the cockpit of local politics into the realm of ethical principles. The malodorous incidents of the Rockefeller career were generally familiar. Miss Tarbell briefed the case magnificently and laid it before the High Court of public opinion. Thereby, the magazine was identified as a national forum. In Steffens's "Shame of the Cities" series it was shown that the root of corruption was the indifference of peoples to government and that institutions designed to protect interests in common, in the absence of their vigilance, had been converted into instrumentalities for private peculation and oppression. In a way this was lay-preaching, but the theology was realistic, stimulating to the patriotism and the moral sensibilities of citizens relaxed in the shambles of material development.

Shortly thereafter appeared Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" in *Everybody's*, a dramatic, first-hand exposure of stock skullduggery. His characters were the high priests of the social order whom he paraded as freebooters and thimble riggers in a narrative so vivid and picturesque that it captured national attention. The story belonged in a genre far different from the more sober case-handling of *McClure's*, but it complemented and indeed derived part of its credibility from the work of Tarbell and Steffens.

Sensational in themselves, these series were eminently corrective, for they stripped the predatory interests of their masks of respectability and conferred an education in current business practices on magazine readers. Disclosures were confirmed by the Hughes insurance investigations which were contemporary with their publication. Yet, in looking back, I sometimes wonder if their sins were not often as much "news" to the sinners as to those who read about them.

There were zealots in the movement, of course, but no prima donnas. One recalls among the more effective contributors Ray Stannard Baker, Samuel Hopkins Adams, William Hard, Harvey O'Higgins, Woods Hutchinson, and Garet Garrett. Upton Sinclair, Charles Edward Russell, David Graham Phillips, and E. P. Connolly were more militant campaigners. Verdicts were discounted, of course, but seldom a question was raised as to the disinterestedness of the proponents. It was a renaissance of sorts as well as an audit. The pure food laws and the Drug Act derive from this period, and in it the foundations of women's suffrage and workmen's compensation laws were laid down. Never was more knowledge diffused and digested than in the brief duration of the service. *McClure's*, the *American*, and *Everybody's*, at the top of their strides, were exemplars of magazine editing.

This work may fairly be said to have raised the wind that filled the sails of contemporary reform. It renewed and refurbished the sense of citizenship and strengthened and implemented the efforts, in particular, of Roosevelt and La Follette in Congress. To deny the values it rendered because the appetite for its pungencies failed or because the race is still unredeemed, is childish. Cultures are cumulative. The battles of today are being waged on the ground the muckrakers reclaimed. Many of the precautions that Lawson devised for his withheld "Remedy" to protect the public against financial depredations are in the new securities act and the Glass-Steagall banking bill. He did not disclose them for the reason that the understanding of financial processes then current was not keen enough to induce or enforce their application.

Muckraking was ended when exposure became a prescription for manufacturing magazine circulation. Like the skyscrapers and hotels of New York it was put out of business by overproduction. There's nothing so tedious as too much calling-attention-to-evil at the same time. Probably a saturation point had been reached before circulations began to wane. The fanatics contributed by their excesses. *Hampton's* recklessness especially diminished its prestige. It was a poor day in any of the big magazine offices on which someone did not turn up with a wrong that needed resistance.

Dr. Regier says in concluding his excellent accounting that conditions in this country today are very similar to those of thirty years ago, corruption as wide spread and big business as predatory, and that the field for more and better muckraking is open for the taking. But it is now an old story. We know the worst. And with Congress thundering in the index and the Morgans at the bar, with Roosevelt revamping the Constitution and the gold standard abated, what fare could a magazine offer in competition with the sensations provided by any daily paper's first page?

A quarter of a century crowded with events and inventions has elapsed since the height of the muckraking era and experience and information do alter mental patterns by filtration if not through acquirement. For relief of today's complexities yesterday's nostrums are useless. If again I had a hand on a magazine helm I'd try pioneering in new quarters. Reversing the prevailing currencies of cynicism and derogation to restore confidence in human nature and values, might be a source of circulation. The optimistic appeal has lost none of its old cogency, even if captains of industry no longer serve as exemplars for youth. Coöperation is on the way in. Furthering and articulating its courses would be service. The principles of atomic physics might be profitably applied to the reorganization of human relations. Laissez faire is unknown among the protons and electrons that balance each other's charges more equitably than so far we've learned how to. An astrophysicist turned reformer might shortly have us all by the ears *à la* Lawson, Tarbell, or Steffens.

Or one might revert to religion in which a revival is overdue. The decalogue needs revising in the terms of our own generation, the cardinal virtues redefined, heavens and hells brought up to date. Destinations have faded—no one knows nowadays where lies the racial future—why not restore the eternal verities to discussion? Not according to orthodoxy, of course, but by reëxamination of premises.

Curiosity in human being remains unabated. Life is still the most intimate of our concerns, the richest field for conjecture. The capacities of man require better specifications than biology offers. Psychologists are no nearer to a solution of the mystery of personality than they were in the pre-Einstein period. A sign of the times is that Jeans and Eddington are turning to metaphysics. An appetite for fodder of this kind may be awaiting supply.

Matters of the kind are within the editorial purview if one knows enough to go after them. They can be popularized by fresh technics. The possibilities of readaptation are indicated by the success of *Time* and the *New Yorker* in what had seemed to old professionals exhausted or overpopulated publication areas. Perhaps the opportunity will find its McClure and he a staff as enlightened and alive as his predecessor's.

* *

John O'Hara Cosgrave was editor of Everybody's Magazine *during the palmy days of muckraking. He is reputed to have rewritten Tom Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" for publication.*

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The BOWLING GREEN

Geography

THIS was an expedition to study Geography. There were no plans and no preparations other than to pack five small suitcases (one apiece) and Scally's plaid overcoat (Scally is a cocker spaniel). After a long winter in town the Family had a desire to see how mountains, rivers and roads fit together in the great jigsaw puzzle of New England.

Everyone has his chosen way of escaping from New York City by car. The Geographer, who had not done much driving for quite a while, was anxious to avoid heavy traffic. The path chosen he calls Goat Boulevard. (The vehicle in question is the kind whose name seems to mean a smallish goat.) Amsterdam Avenue up to 155, then the Harlem River Speedway, cross by the 207th Street Bridge, Fordham Road to Webster Avenue and up Webster past the Botanic Garden and Woodlawn Cemetery. Thus you reach the Bronx River Parkway and are safe. The Geographer does not assert this route as ideal, but he once found himself taking it and he sticks to it. The quickest issue of all is the George Washington Bridge into New Jersey, but it's a roundabout way of getting to Connecticut. The winding Bronx River Parkway lures you on and on until you find yourself at the enormous Kensico dam and reservoir. Then comes the village mysteriously named Armonk which apparently also has a reservoir of another sort. A roadhouse out that way somehow got me on its mailing list, and I long received agreeable passport cards vouching me for refreshment, which I never had opportunity to enjoy.—I'm afraid my study of geography is all involved with purely personal associations. Anyhow, after Armonk you steer for Bedford Village and Cross River. By the time you reach Koch's Log Cabin you'll be fit for hot dogs and beer, and within easy reach of the country where they eat doughnuts for breakfast.

In driving from New York City into Connecticut you may avoid the Boston Post Road, or you may avoid Danbury; it is almost impossible to avoid them both. The number of signs pointing to Danbury finally coerces you. I was glad we went through that Hatter's Castle, for I think it was near there we saw Venus Brothers' Garage. After one experience trying to drive a heavily loaded car over the forest trails near Mount Equinox, this time I was minded to follow valleys. The chief feature of our geography lesson, I think, was the importance of rivers. I know them largely by their appearance on the road-map given away at Socony filling stations. The General Drafting Company, publishers of those Socony charts, deserves a handsome credit for a good job of drawing and printing. Until we have touring maps (like Bartholomew's) showing differences in elevation by different colors, a study of the river systems is the only way to guess the lie of the land. The children vote for Gulf filling stations because the Gulf issues a comic paper once a week, but I am generally faithful to Socony as I think their maps are more explicit, better for the meditative tourist who likes to avoid the main highways occasionally. But almost all filling stations are places of cheer; some day they will find their Chaucer. As Titania remarked with truth, in the middle ages pilgrims got their refreshment and succor at monasteries; now they find it at gas depots. In their priestly smocks the service men look more and more like monks; the bright pumps and oil-bottles shine like altars and holy vessels. As we have said before, this is the true wayside shrine of the American folk, and all it needs now is some form of pious ritual.

Perhaps it is wise not to be too systematic about one's gas. By the time the Little Goat had been on the road several days, picking up fuel wherever it seemed convenient, her tank was filled with a chance mixture of Socony, Gulf, Shell, and Imperial Three Star from Quebec. (The filling station Frenchman at the top of that steep hill at Levis, across the river from Quebec, told me he had never heard of Socony, which pleased me.) It must have been something like O. Henry's *Lost Blend,* a chance elixir not to be discovered again. Certainly the engine liked it: how she roared through those lonely woods of Maine.

Our anatomy of rivers was quite simple. The Connecticut, faithfully pursued, will take you all the way up to the Canadian border; the Kennebec will bring you a good part of the way back again. Of course we added certain ribs and parallels. After crossing those beautiful Connecticut ridges at Newtown (a village one loves at sight) and Middlebury, the Naugatuck valley leads you up toward Winsted—a town as oddly mixed in character as were its eccentric news dispatches in the old New York *World.* Above Winsted the lovely Colebrook stream winds you well into Massachusetts. Then again crossing comfortable hills you come down to the Connecticut valley at Northampton. We had had some notion of taking another look at Blythe Mountain, Vermont, but this time we were searching still bigger hills. Blythe (aged 10) was consoled by taking her collecting-case and butterfly net. In the fields above Northampton she pursued various moths which were put to sleep in a glass jar with fumes. The qualms of her family were allayed by her assurance that this was important for science. Hearing her allude to cyanide I was alarmed. "What have you in that jar," I asked. "Carbona," she said, and added serenely, "carbon tetrachloride."

Northampton and Amherst were peaceful in the calm sunshine of Independence Day. Literature was forgotten: I should like to have seen Emily Dickinson's home but never thought of it until now. The Lord Jeffrey Rabbitries amused us in Amherst, and we found the "Candlelight Den," on the road to Sunderland, an agreeable place for lunch. At Sunderland we countered the strong New England influence by getting gas from Mr. Toczydlowski. In Brattleboro, in honor of Rudyard Kipling, I bought a road-map of Vermont.

But we didn't stay in Vermont long. It was an afternoon that called for swimming and we saw Lake Sunapee on the map, colored a delicate blue. We crossed the Connecticut at Bellows Falls, and leaving the fine profile of Ascutney on our left, we bore away from Claremont along a river called Sugar. The first view of Sunapee is a bit disconcerting, but some exploring brought us to Elm Lodge at George's Mills, a friendly and comfortable place, in time for a swim before supper. I remembered that my last previous swim had been in the Pacific at Palos Verdes.

But I was speaking particularly of rivers. It was fine at Franklin, N. H., to meet again an old friend, the Pemigewasset—just before it joins the Merrimack if I can trust cartographer Socony. In the Pemigewasset, 33 years ago (at North Woodstock) I had my first real swim—I mean lifted my feet off the bottom for the first time and realized that it could be done. It was a glorious afternoon as we drove up that noble valley, with the shapes of the Franconia Notch growing larger—that exquisite mountain profile which, once impressed on the mind, never quite fades from memory. As we went north from Winnepesaukee, the various peaks, Whiteface, Moosilauke, Kinsman, Lincoln, Lafayette, gradually shift in perspective, fall into position, take the stance they had so long ago. Not far from the Flume there's a place where the mountain stream pours down in a flush of cold foam, polishing a basin of pink granite. I recollected from childhood the rounded cheeks of those fawn-colored rocks, the chill breath of the stream mixed with balsam smells. Doesn't it make you hungry for maple sugar? California friends are eloquent—and justly—of their high glimpses; yet let's not be too humble about our own White Mountains. We paused, of course, at the Great Stone Face, which reminded me to send a postcard to my publisher. PARK HERE FOR OLD MAN, says the sign. The children were specially pleased that their first view of Mount Washington showed it veiled in cloud, which made it seem incredibly tall.

At the very pleasing town of Colebrook, N. H., where the Farmers & Traders' Bank gave me $27 Canadian for 25 U. S. dollars, I was surprised to find a Mt. Monadnock rising nearby, across the river. I had thought of Monadnock as being farther south. There is evidently a professional mountain-rivalry between the two neighboring States, for the druggist said, "Oh, that's only the *Vermont* Monadnock. The real one's down near Peterboro, in New Hampshire." I looked them up in Socony, and truly the southern one has 26 feet advantage. But we did not stay to argue the point, for now a fine clear morning tempted us to make a bold strike for Quebec. A clear morning which was deceptive, for late that afternoon on the hills above Valley Junction, P. Q., we ran into as sharp a squall as one has any need for. The rain, driving across an open car, was blinding; if it had not been for a covered bridge, which gave opportunity to draw breath and rub eyes, we might well have been ditched. I had forgotten that the Province is famous for lively thunderstorms. But the earlier and more agreeable impression, after the courteous welcome of the Canadian customs, was the brilliant colors of wild flowers in the open fields—buttercups like fields of golden cloth, and daisies and paintbrush. If you drive that way I commend lunch at the little hotel in Sawyerville—"Meals 50 cents; Beer and Wine." I remember the fried turkey and the Black Horse ale. And Canadian ales, unlike our own, are guaranteed to be not *less* than a given alcoholic content.

My friend Bill Britton, who drives from Los Angeles to San Francisco (450 miles) between noon and midnight, wouldn't think much of the Little Goat's champion day's run—259 miles from Bretton Woods to Quebec. But with a fierce rainstorm en

CHIEN D'OR (Quebec)

route, over the gravel detours of Quebec, and with a car-full of children, it's plenty. And the day ended with a full moon seen over the St. Lawrence. Much as one has read and heard of that city, it is more beautiful than I had any notion of. And also far more French. Particularly I was delighted by the horse-carts of the boulangers which reminded us of old housekeeping days in Normandy—and by a bishop (or a dean?) in gaiters on his way to some morning advowson. He gave me a good appetite for breakfast. Scally, the spaniel, was pleased by the Chien d'Or, on an old unexplained stone now embedded over the post office doorway, with its motto:—

Je suis un chien qui ronge lo (l'os)
En le rongeant je prend mon repos
Un tems viendra qui nest pas venu
Que je morderay qui maura mordu

How good to be reading again tags and affiches in French. *Faites Cesser la Depression,* said one. *Chaque piastre dépensée durant le mois aidera à faire tourner la roue de la prosperité.* Our 27 Canadian dollars, which went off rapidly on the spin of the wheel, will hardly be noticed by the fiscal experts of the Province; but to us they felt as important as the fly in the old story who sat on the cart-wheel. "See what a dust I raise."

Shadows on the Rock by Miss Cather is still well displayed in all Quebec bookshops; it is evidently a steady favorite. I bought myself a French translation of one of E. C. Bentley's detective stories, *L'Affaire Manderson;* then found it was *Trent's Last Case,* which I had read; but I'm enjoying it again in the French version. Of course there is no such thing as what we think we mean when we say a translation. There is no equivalence between two words or phrases in different languages. We should not say that one word in French *means* a word in English—only that they both approximately render the same idea. Perhaps we should not use the word *translation,* but *version* or *substitute.*—What is the peculiar charm and mystery of the French language that makes each lover of it feel that he, more than anyone else, inwardly perceives and relishes its quirks of suggestion? Of course as long as one thinks of "translating" a foreign tongue one has not even begun to savvy it. The fun begins when one instinctively accepts it in its own words, and does not attempt to transpose them into English. But the psychology of all this is too interesting to be approached in haste. Quebec makes all her official pronouncements in double, both French and English, but you cannot regard either version as a translation of the other. They are two independent approaches to one purport.

I paced a number of toises, as Uncle Toby would say, round the ramparts of the citadel. The re-entrant angles of the moat would please that old amorist of fortification; as also the trim garden of the Garrison Club where the Ladies' Entrance is alongside a lawn ornamented with pyramids of cannon-balls. From the high vantage of the hill there is much to see: the sentry in scarlet coat and busby at the gate of the fortress; wildflowers yellow, white and purple; the biggest dandelion globes I've ever seen; and a constant salute of larks. Why is it that nature always makes herself specially charming round any antique monument of man's angers? On the breeze was that specially French savor of burning woodsmoke. Britain has made many mistakes, but her tact in encouraging two different cultures to grow side by side in Quebec might suggest that all those centuries of war were unnecessary. Such a suggestion would probably be amiss. It is dangerous to reason about history, which is a chancy topic. Safer to stick to geography.

Incidentally, confirming the Bowling Green's theory that drinking places are valuable agencies of international conciliation, I note that the only channel of diplomatic exchange between Washington and the Soviets (in negotiating the return of Mr. Mattern) is through Kings' Brewery in Brooklyn.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Sea Captain's Story

DEEP WATER. By Pryce Mitchell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN FELIX RIESENBERG

HERE is a seamanlike yarn, the story of a man's lifetime on the sea, man and boy, sail and steam, that carries the reader across the wide oceans with its author. The book is stowed close with great yarns of the sea. For instance, there is the tale of the running down of a small schooner. "The first thing we knew we had struck her amidships and cut her in two. . . . Although we hung around until daylight, none of her crew were found—only some wreckage and a piece of sail." You can add to the story as you go, for Captain Mitchell writes with an objective simplicity, a modest use of his vast experience, that leaves the reader with a feeling of having come upon truth. It is one of the best books of its kind, and deserving the attention of those who love the sea and take pleasure in reading the adventures of a sailor.

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CIRCULATION DEPT.
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An Italian Letter

By SAMUEL PUTNAM

WITH the publication recently of the first number of Massimo Bontempelli's new monthly review, *Quadrante,* following a spirited literary-esthetic controversy that swept the peninsula and overflowed into the popular press, Italian *evanguardismo* may be said to have entered upon a new and important phase; and along with it all, there is a certain subtle change in polemic tone that may not be without its implications for the national literature as a whole.

Novecentismo, the "900" or Twentieth Century Movement, has never become as well known abroad as has Signor Marinetti's Futurism, which, coming in one of the dullest decades in history (a decade, none the less, in which many seeds, including those of Cubism, were stirring), had a *succès de scandale.* Futurism owed no little to the fact that its birthplace was Paris' Left Bank, and the further fact that Marinetti's early *chefs-d'œuvres* were originally written in French. The early *900,* likewise, had a good deal of a Parisian tinge; the first four numbers of the review were published in French—to get away from "style" and back to a universal myth-content, the founder asseverated; and Bontempelli, although he now violently resents the insinuation, was prominently identified with the *Stracittà* or "Super-citizen" movement, as opposed to the xenophobic *Strapaese.* French and other foreign writers, including an American or two, sprinkled the "900" pages at the start; and then, for a reason never any too clearly explained, the Novecentisti went back to the Italian language and, more or less, to Italian writers of their own particular group.

Launched with a sufficient blare of trumpets, Novecentismo continued its fight—while pretending to avoid controversy, it was always engaged in it—for a "magic realism" and an "atmosphere of magic," for the work of art as an incantation, for the rights of fancy and the imagination, but a fancy and an imagination with roots in the life of everyday, for life itself as an incessant journeying and thirsting after adventure, and for an esthetics conceived as action. The five original Novecentisti, Bontempelli, Solari, Aniante, Alvaro, and Gallian, proceeded to attack nineteenth century realism and impressionism, on the one hand, and on the other, the "advance guard" of the day, in Italy and elsewhere, with its initiate air, its aristocratic refinements, its essentially anti-popular character and Ivory Tower tendency. They were soon joined by others: Spaini, Bertuetti, Moravia, Massa, Santangelo, Radius, Artieri, Napolitano, Cipriani, etc.

It all sounded very thrilling to the young, and was beautifully upsetting for the elders. There was, all in all, a great to-do. And then, the usual thing happened. The various group members began dropping off or pulling away, one by one. The movement, it was discovered, had been "still-born"; there had never been anything alive in the "tendency" it represented; it was, in short, a one-man "school," and "900" was nothing more nor less than—Bontempelli! The old reproach of "*Stracittà*" was, moreover, dug up. But Novecentismo, meanwhile, had taken with the public; it had always proclaimed the gospel of a "popular" art, but it was now becoming popular in a way that seemed likely to make it ridiculous in the eyes of its enemies. The furniture dealers had decided to exploit the publicity centering about the name and had put upon the market a ghastly and abortive "900 style."

This was too much for Bontempelli and his new-won ally, P. M. Bardi, who, by the way, is a co-editor of *Quadrante.* Bardi came out with an attack on and a sweeping repudiation of the new furniture, which practically amounted to a repudiation of the term, "*Novecento.*" Bontempelli, in the interim, was storming the *Italia Letteraria* with a vigorous reply to his critics and opponents. His statement was not remarkable for its consistency, but consistency has never been a Bontempelli or a Novecentist quality—they would repudiate that, also. With this, G. B. Angioletti, editor of *L'Italia Letteraria,* came forward with a mock retraction. No, "900" was not still-born; it had never existed! Never, that is, as a school or a tendency. It had lacked from the start the necessary underlying principles; it had been without a program; above all, its personnel had been too mixed. It was at this point that Bontempelli found it advisable to restate the bases of the movement, taking occasion to repeat that *Stracittà* was something which "I have always refused to accept."

Things were at about this stage, when a new war broke out. This time, it was over architecture, and the architects themselves were leaders in the fray. Hostilities were precipitated by a mass attack of the old school practitioners upon the new "rational" and "functional" style, which has the *avanguardia* solidly behind it. It was this controversy, conducted in the press, that brought Bontempelli and Bardi together, and which led to their launching *Quadrante.*

It is not surprising, therefore, to find the new review running rather heavily to architecture, an architecture viewed as a "collective art," embodying "the language of an epoch" and constituting "the expressive center of our lives." Other arts included are typography, photography, music, and the cinema. The first number inaugurates the policy of reproducing a number of drawings by one man, in the first instance, Corrado Cagli. The work of the artist so presented is allowed to speak for itself, with only the briefest of comment. The real life element is represented by a fashions article, a contribution on corporate factory life by a factory superintendent, and a fascinating letter on American gunmen.

What, it may be asked, is all this doing in a literary magazine, or a magazine which, if not literary, is edited by literary men? Bontempelli's reply would be, that the object is to put up an esthetic "solid front." He sees "the quest of unity" as mankind's "only problem," the discovering, or uncovering, of a "central rhythm." In this, possibly, may be glimpsed a reaction from the centrifugal tendency of the after-war young. "Only the present is interesting," Bontempelli goes on to declare, which on the other hand sounds like the old "*instantaneità,*" or cult of the moment.

The new organ is decidedly Fascist in character, bent upon creating "the art of the Mussolini era." It announces that it will be combative and close-packed in its reading matter. It takes up an "anti-literature" position not unreminiscent of Dada, and for this reason, looks with favor upon the cinema. Literature, if literature there be, must be action (Cocteau, somewhere, has said something of the same sort). The new *Quadrantisti* (we have not heard the name yet, but probably shall be hearing it before long) are against a "sedentary intelligence." They are against a number of other things, as well, including "*francesimo,*" or a snobbish adulation of importations from the French.

The conclusion of it all, with Marinetti and Bontempelli both members of the Royal Academy, would seem to be that advance-guardism in Italy has definitely become a function of the Fascist state; it has, in a manner, been "crowned by the Academy." One wonders, does this have anything to do with Signor Bontempelli's vigorous repudiation of "Super-citizenship." In any event, Fascism is wise. So is the advance-guard. Which is in no wise to challenge the latter's sincerity.

Salvation by Art

EUPALINOS. By Paul Valery. Translated by William McCausland Stewart. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHALIE COLBY

IN "Eupalinos," Phaedrus and Socrates on the "pure bank" of the shades discuss analytically and constructively in platonic dialogue the architectonics of art. There Socrates, the "knower," questions Phaedrus, spokesman for the "constructor." Slowly the superiority of the artist's point of view emerges, luring even Socrates, who was born "several" and ended "one," into an anti-Socratic passage which brings out the buried artist in him and ends the poem with the triumph of art.

Architecture, which fulfils the demand of a complete work possessing "beauty, solidity, and lastingness" is chosen as the symbol of contruction. Phaedrus draws his arguments from his reminiscences in life, where he was a friend of Eupalinos, the architect of Megara whose buildings led one "to a sort of bliss by insensible curves, by minute and all-powerful inflections."

"'Phaedrus' he was saying to me, 'the more I meditate on my art, the more I practice it, the more I think and act, the more I suffer and rejoice as an architect, the more I feel my own being with an ever surer light and clarity.'"

"I go astray in long spells of waiting; I find myself by the surprises I give myself; by means of these successive degrees of my silence, I advance in my own edification and I draw near to such an exact correspondence between my aims and my powers, that I seem to myself to have made of the existence I was given a sort of human handiwork. 'By dint of constructing,' he put it with a smile, 'I truly believe that I have constructed myself.'"

Although this book, which has been beautifully translated by Mr. Stewart, is one of Paul Valery's later poems, it is the best portal by which to enter his mind. Written at forty-five, it is an "act of construction" whose philosophic basis is to be found in Valery's essay writen at twenty on Leonardo da Vinci. Through the classic form, in which he finds the "dynamics of resistence," he channels out to us the living spirit of the day. For in this poem he presents us with the content of a post-war creation, where his intellectual sensibility perpetually refining itself in every sentence, pierces us with its sharpness, so that his intellectual emotion flows into us—inoculating us with its superior expression.

ERRATUM

A typographical error in the Oxford University Press advertisement in the July 8th issue of the *Saturday Review* made it appear, though somewhat ungrammatically, that "What the Author Meant" was somehow connected with F. Anstey and still to be published. The F. Anstey part refers to his English adaptation for Little Theatres of "Three Molière Plays" which the Oxford University Press will bring out shortly. "What the Author Meant" has been out for some time, having been published on December 1st, 1932, and is by G. R. Foss only. A malign fate seems to have dogged this gentleman in the pages of *The Saturday Review.* Throughout a long review in our issue of March 18th he was unfortunately referred to as "Mr. Ross."

A few suggestions from the Scribner Omnibus Books

A vacationful of good reading in any one of them.

Caravan
the assembled tales of
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the collected stories of
W. W. Jacobs
58 stories, 681 pages

Round Up
the stories of
Ring W. Lardner
35 stories, 467 pages

The Adventures of Ephraim Tutt
by Arthur Train
29 stories, 870 pages

$2.50 per volume
at bookstores. Scribners

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TALE OF A PIGTAIL

IT was along in the Spring that *Jane Terrill* of Longmans, Green sent me a copy of a letter addressed to the eminent novelist and silhouettist, *John Bennett*. The letter was signed Bon Wong and began:

Dear Mr. Bennett:

There is no other purpose and connection in sending you this letter, but I merely want to let you know that the unfavorable parts of the story of "The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo" are extremely unsuitable to the Chinese people. As I am one of the four hundred and fifty millions of Chinese population, I have a right to ask you a few questions, etc. etc.

The book referred to is a book of some twenty-four stories in verse by Mr. Bennett, illustrated by his inimitable silhouettes. His use of Chinese characters in the illustrations was naturally puzzling to Mr. Wong. Also Mr. Wong had never known or heard of anyone with a wonderful queue fifteen feet long! So he remarked, "Mr. Bennett, do you realize the story of 'The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo' is very weak in intelligence, especially the illustrations?"

A little while afterward, Mr. Bennett wrote me that he had replied to Mr. Wong, who resides in Rochester, N. Y., and sent me a copy of his own letter. He answered "with greatest respect for your country, whose arts I adore and whose wisdom I revere." He admitted that he had borrowed his Chinese characters "from a primary phrase-book prepared for use in mission schools in large American cities." His letter pleaded, however, that in making his silhouettes he was perfectly aware that the Chinese were not actually human silhouettes—as he had tried to explain to the head of a Chinese laundry to whom he originally showed the drawings and who indignantly remarked, "All damn American lies! China boy not all black like that!"

I have not room here for all of Mr. Bennett's explanatory letter to Mr. Wong, which covered more than three typewritten pages; but I have his permission to quote from it regarding his delightful book, the contents of which greatly charmed my own youth. "Recall," he says to Mr. Wong, "the lines of Omar, the tent-maker of Naishapur, quatrain LXVIII, fourth edition, Fitzgerald:

"We are not other than a moving row
Of moving shadow-shapes that come and go
Around the sun-illumined lantern held
In midnight by the Master of the Show."

You must perceive for yourself how this adds deep poetical significance to such universal rendering of humanity. Of course, I realize, as well as you, sir, that humanity is not, anywhere on earth, nor ever was, saving during the late World War, as black as I have painted it; no, not even in Ethiopia. If this misrepresentation offend humanity, I shall beg humanity's pardon.

That I made some mistakes in my usage of these Chinese ideographs should, however, not surprise you, knowing, as you must, their difficult nuances, sometimes perplexing even to the Chinese student. Similar difficulty of translation and miscomprehension often occurs among our Western nations, whose literation is simple and common to all. For example, sir: in translating Fenimore Cooper's famous story of "The Spy" into French, the translator, unfamiliar with American sylviculture and entomology, meeting the unfamiliar word "locust," sought its meaning in his dictionary, and found it there defined as "an orthopterous saltatorial insect, of the family Acridiiæ, genus Locusta, popularly known as grass-hoppers." Not knowing that there is also in America a tree, Robinia Pseudacacia, familiarly known as the "locust tree," the translator felt called upon to explain to his astonished readers that in America the grass-hoppers grow to such extraordinary dimensions as to enable them to be employed to hold horses at the doors of gentlemen's homes in the country. Americans, of course, are familiar with the use of the locust-tree as a hitching-post.

It is possible again that through just some such misunderstanding of national statistics I attributed a length of fifteen feet to the young laundryman's queue. But, sir, I assure you this was without intention to offend; just as, according to the vulgar custom of our country, without the slightest implication of offense or intention of offending, I denominated the young man's queue a "pig-tail" . . . as I would have referred to the plaited braid of the loveliest lady of my acquaintance, familiarly, and without offense. I think we must relegate the phenomenal fifteen-foot queue to the limbo of the horse-holding grass-hopper.

I am quite ignorant of correct Chinese. It may be unnecessary to tell you this. It is therefore, however, not surprising that you cannot analyze my sentences in the Chinese, nor understand their meaning. Again I must beg you to understand that this is a habit of Western literature, a custom of the country. If you will be so kind as to consult the recent writings of Miss Gertrude Stein and Mr. James Joyce, author of "Ulysses," you will immediately comprehend that even in our own language we cannot analyze one another's sentences, nor understand their meanings.

C. B. FERNALD ONCE MORE

Speaking of things Chinese, my late remarks on *Chester Bailey Fernald* and his masterly story of "The Cat and the Cherub" drew many letters. *The Golden Book* told me that they have already used several of his immortal tales; *The Scholastic*, that they addressed him at 4 Marlborough Road, St. John's Wood, London, and had their letter returned with the notation, "House destroyed;" *R. H. Lyman* of the *New York World-Telegram* reported that the latest "Who's Who in the Theatre" gives Fernald's address as 67 Carlton Hill, London, N.W., 8; *M. I. J.* of Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass., says Fernald often visited his parents in the maternal, ancestral home in Eliot, Maine, and that his cousin *Mr. William Fernald*, Landscape Architect, still resides there. Another cousin was the late *Dr. Walter Fernald*, the noted educator and authority on the treatment of abnormal children, who, for many years, was the head of the State of Massachusetts School, now known as the Walter Fernald School. *Mary Austin* writes me from Santa Fé that, after his first success, Fernald moved to London, desiring the opportunity to write for the stage. He began to get a hold in New York with his plays "and then a year or two later (than 1910) the next time the *Herbert Hoovers* came over—Mrs. Hoover told me that he had died." *Frederick H. Strong*, of Portland, Oregon, says he spent several days with Fernald in Portland "a good many years ago"; *Miss Hortense Keables*, of Washington, D. C., asks me if I remember the incident in "The Cat and the Cherub" where the little China boy doused the kitten in water, crooning, "Are you wash—are you wash?" (You bet I do!) *Agnes Thompson* of Lawrence, Kansas, quotes again "Infinitesimal James"; *Evelyn S. Lease*, Librarian of the Kellogg-Hubbard Library of Montpelier, Vermont, says she'll be glad to lend me a copy of "The Cat and the Cherub." (Only I'm afraid something would happen to it!) She hasn't got "Under the Jackstaff," but reminds me of the titles of the stories that came out in the old *Century* (and one in *Harper's*) viz: "A Hard Road to Andy Coggins," (My father's favorite!) "Lannigan's System with the Girls," "Lights of Sitka," "The Proving of Lannigan," "Transit Gloria Mundy," "The Yellow Burgee," and "Clarence's Mind."

So shines a good writer in a naughty world!

AND NOW—I GOT A MOTTER

We endeavor never to trench on the *Bowling Green's* prerogative for punning, but sometimes we get a suggestion from a correspondent that involves a pun for which we refuse to be responsible.

"By the way," writes *George P. Bissell*, of Wilmington, Delaware, "why don't you have a *Nest* about the Talkies— and call it the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Nest? You needn't fear a rival." This sounds to me slightly ambiguous! But at last I have a *motto* for the department, a strange device to go over the door of my office (which, as I told you before, is Nor' Nor'west of the larger office of Dr. Canby). *George Frisbee* of San Francisco has plucked me this out of the pages of *Hamlet*—"I am mad but North North-West!" I like it—and I hope I can tell a hawk from a handsaw!

Not within recent years

has there been a book which has so revived the true meaning of the beauty of life, the fineness of human destiny as

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES by Richard Aldington

Here is the story of two lovers who met, parted, and found each other again, after a passionate quest, against the turbulent panorama of modern Europe.. The book is a romance. It has a happy ending. ¶ You will find in ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES the surge of the classics; the Greek view of life not only morally, but sensually. There are passages — such as an island idyll laid against the blue Ionic Sea —— that in depth, compassion and beauty compare with any writing in a novel of recent times ¶ Just read what the English critics have to say of this most adult, most perfect love story of this generation...

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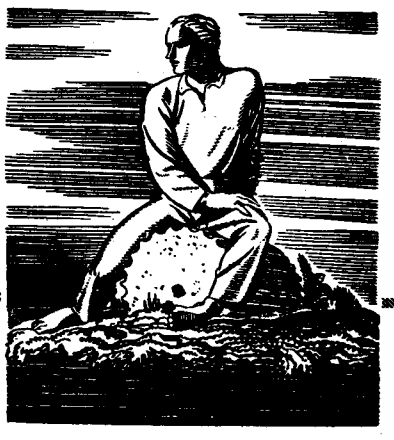

By the author of *The Colonel's Daughter* and *Death of a Hero*. Illus. by Rockwell Kent. $2.50

To be published July 26th...ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES *by Richard Aldington*

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

FIFTH AVENUE BUS. An Excursion among the Books of Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Doran. 1933. $2.

Discriminating readers will feel that this Morley omnibus is worth the price of admission merely by virtue of the inclusion of "Thunder on the Left." There are other items, however, to fit any taste—"Parnassus on Wheels," "White House Interior," several one-act plays, "Inward Ho," and a good many of the translations from the Chinese. As there are several types of Fifth Avenue buses, it may be said that the prevalent tone of this one is a cheerful green rather than the lugubrious brown which disfigures all too many of those vehicles; and the top is wide open, so that you can fill your lungs with salt air from the Hudson.

Fiction

SEVEN BY SEVEN. By Hans Duffy. Morrow. 1933. $2.

Not to be outdone by this diverting book, the publishers added a diversion of their own in omitting sixteen pages from our review copy, just to show that it made no difference. It's that kind of a book. Hans Duffy, which is either the name or the pseudonym of a young woman, writes an amusing story of one of those mad but engaging English county families. Where her wit misses fire, which is about half the time, she still writes with an agreeable good humor; and just when this quality is becoming so persistent as to be trying, she introduces an episode which strikes so sour a note as to leave the reader defenseless.

Miss Duffy's title is provided by the verse, "The animals came in seven by seven," and refers to the Sexton family, consisting of Lady Cadmium of Crashams, her three sons, and her three daughters. Some of their irrelevant misadventures are spontaneously funny, others are made amusing by their informal, not to say slapdash, presentation; still others, which are not funny at all, in fact quite the contrary, are served up with a sort of schoolgirlish glee which is fascinating in itself. Because nobody else ever wrote like Hans Duffy (though Daisy Ashford might have at nineteen) one gets the impression that she may be a coming author—an impression mitigated by the feeling that all her effects, good and bad, are alike in being accidentally achieved. Coming author or not, "Seven by Seven" is recommended to the reader of roving humor. You'll probably like enough of it to be quite well satisfied.

Miscellaneous

JOHN BARLEYCORN: His Life and Letters. By Daniel A. Poling. Illustrated by Jack Gallagher. Winston: 1933. $1.50.

The Rev. Dr. Poling has been accounted one of the more rational of prohibitionists; and a statement of the rational arguments of the drys would be useful now that the wets are on the verge of a triumph which might be disastrous if carried to excess. Unfortunately, this is not that sort of book. Dr. Poling has attempted a satire, but the rich humor noted in the "review" on the jacket will be apparent only to those whose ideal of tragic drama is "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Mr. Barleycorn, a stout, genial person and good Elk, goes around the country making speeches which are always refuted (to the dry taste) by some one in the audience. When Dr. Poling is making fun of the extreme wet claims as to what can be accomplished by taxes on liquor he scores legitimately, but in the main his contentions are merely the hysterical commonplaces of dry fanaticism. It is his apparent conviction that every man who takes a drink proceeds inevitably to a drunkard's grave; but not before he has lost his job, sold the old homestead to buy booze, and left his wife and children starving in the gutter. The last chapter suggests that terrible consequences will follow the legalization of 3.2 beer; what beer has actually accomplished, for temperance and for the encouragement of the public, was evidently as incomprehensible to Dr. Poling as his state of mind is happily becoming incomprehensible to the majority of the people.

GAL REPORTER, By Joan Lowell, Farrar and Rinehart. 1933. $2.50.

Harry Thurston Peck used to tell a story about Theodore Roosevelt. "In writing one of his earlier books," said Peck, "he used the word 'I' so frequently that his publishers were compelled to order from a type-foundry a fresh supply of that particular letter." Joan Lowell likes herself, too. "There's just something about me that always gets them!" Thus (on page 49) Joan Lowell explains her success in this breath-taking (via suffocation) series of scoops undertaken for the greater glory of *The Boston Record*. She was so successful that on page 164 she is able to proclaim: "There was something bigger than the Law. A tabloid paper!" For every scoop—and she scoops them up with a steam-shovel—Joan had to risk the worse-than-death; but every time, just as she had given up hope, along came the Canadian Mounted Police. An original variation occurs when Joan turns the tables on the Mounties, and saves *them* from the worse-than-death. So Mac said—Mac was one of the Rover Boys—"We got to scoop this story, Joan. Gosh, our paper is the best sheet ever printed!" (Page 141). One can understand how Joan, after all the excitement she'd been through, made a mistake and addressed the manuscript of this laborious human document to Farrar and Rinehart instead of Bernarr MacFadden. But it is not clear why Farrar and Rinehart felt they had to go ahead and publish it. "I wasn't writing fiction," says the author (page 5), "and the insinuation that I had faked incidents to fill my column brought me up on the defensive." Now here's an idea for some enterprising publisher: why don't you get her to do a novel? For ourselves, "Gal Reporter" is as dull as it is self-important.

Joan Lowell, the Gal Reporter, interviews herself and scoops the boys on the rival tabloid.

Miss Lowell's heart beats for humanity—when the spotlight is on it. We wonder what our old friend "Red" Dolan of the *New York Daily News* would have to say about Joan's reporting?

Politics

ON THE TRAIL OF THE FORGOTTEN MAN. A Journal of the Roosevelt Presidential Campaign. By James H. Guilfoyle. With an Introduction by Robert E. Rogers. Boston: Peabody Master Printers. 1933. $2.

The Forgotten Man in this case is Mayor Curley of Boston, whose friends feel that his services to the Roosevelt candidacy were very inadequately recognized by the offer of the Warsaw Embassy, which he rejected. The material of the book was originally a series of articles in the Worcester *Sunday Telegram;* and while it loosely covers the Roosevelt campaign, both pre- and post-convention, with a final chapter on early accomplishments of the administration, it deals chiefly with the factional fights in the Massachusets Democratic organization in which Mr. Curley was beaten by the Smith forces, only to help his candidate to triumph at the convention by making the contact with Hearst which swung the McAdoo-Garner forces to Roosevelt. For residents of Massachusetts interested in the actual government of their commonwealth it will have considerable interest.

WHERE EAST IS WEST. Life in Bulgaria. By Henrietta Leslie. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $4.50.

Everybody who knows the Balkans well has his pet state or people. Before the war, Bulgaria was petted by many Englishmen and Americans, the former following the lead of that grand old Bulgarphile, James Bouchier, of the *Times*, the latter drawing their enthusiasm partly from the fact that so many Bulgar girls and boys went to the American colleges in Constantinople, where they showed themselves serious students and hard workers. Americans generally found Bulgars more sympathetic and like themselves than the comparatively light-minded Rumanians, for instance. The qualities which sometimes gave the Bulgars the name of the "Yankees of the Balkans" are doubtless just as characteristic as they were before the late unpleasantness, and the veteran correspondent, Mr. Henry Nevinson, who supplies a foreword to Mrs. Leslie's book, remarks that he "has been saying for the last forty years that in the end the Bulgars will come out on top in the Balkans."

Mrs. Leslie is evidently one of those who like Bulgaria and its people, and in the three hundred pages of her book she gives all sorts of impressions of the country and its inhabitants. She is not greatly concerned with politics, as such, but is interested in everybody from the King to sheep-herders, and from mutton roasted on a spit to the perfume of the famous Valley of Roses. Hers is a travel-book in what might be called the old-fashioned style—detailed, leisurely, friendly.

Religion

THE OXFORD GROUP MOVEMENT. By Herbert Hensley Henson. Oxford University Press. 1933. $1.

Americans became acquainted with the brilliant Bishop of Durham upon the occasion of his first visit to this country in 1909, when he delivered at Yale a series of lectures on "The Liberty of Prophesying." Throughout the intervening years a growing esteem for his keen mind and well-balanced judgment has made anything he has written eagerly read. So his little brochure, which consists of last year's "Visitation Charge," acquires an importance out of all proportion to its modest size and original purpose. In spite of its brevity, it covers the essentials of the whole subject with unusual thoroughness, and presents to the reader the mature conclusions of one of England's ablest bishops with convincing clarity and semi-official authority.

Bishop Henson, being an Oxford Fellow, seems to resent the fact that a religious movement so characteristically American, sectarian, and anti-intellectual, should be trying to palm itself off as a child of Oxford University. When the name "Buchmanism" fits so perfectly its origin and leadership it is difficult to understand why it is so violently repudiated by the Group. Out of deference to this feeling he refrains from using it, but he cannot bring himself to associate the word Oxford with its title. So he refers to it as "Groupism" or "The Groupists."

With his masterly command of historical knowledge he marshalls in startling array all similar religious movements which have appeared through the centuries, and recounting their fate, lays bare the three major defects in the religious nature of this movement. And then he announces this conclusion: "I do not think the Groupist movement can be brought into working harmony with the Church of England." But he does not leave the subject at this point. With characteristic frankness and fair-mindedness he makes this confession:

> Three things are, as I see the situation, gravely lacking in us, and these the Groupists are in their own way providing. If we are humble enough, and penitent enough, and wise enough to learn from them, they may assist us to gain these very things.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Shakespeare and Hawaii. C. Morley. Doubleday. $.125. *The Colophon Book.* Collector's Quarterly. Part Fourteen. New York. 1933. *The Bromide and Other Theories.* G. Burgess. Viking. $1.

BIOGRAPHY

Baudelaire. E. Starkie. Putnam. $3.75.

DRAMA

Orphée. J. Cocteau. Tr. C. Wildman. London: Oxford Univ. Pr. $2.50.

FICTION

Death Out of the Night. A. Wynne. Lippincott. $2. *The Captain's Curio.* E. Phillpotts. Macmil. $2. *When Adam Wept.* A. R. Craig. Doubleday. $2. *The Complete Novels and Plays of Saki.* (H. H. Munro.) Viking. $3. *Slave Wives of Nehalem.* C. W. Churchill. Portland, Ore.: Metropolitan Press. *The Traipsin' Woman.* J. Thomas. Dutton. $2.50. *Fräulein.* M. De Andrade. Macaulay. $2. *Bank President.* L. Graham. Macaulay. $2. *The Golden Ripple.* A. Waugh. Farr. & Rinehart. $2. *An American Hero.* F. W. Bronson. Farr. & Rinehart. $2. *Daughter to Philip.* B. K. Seymour. Knopf. $2.50.

FOREIGN

Gedanken Eines Arztes Ueber Seele, Natur und Gott. Dr. F. P. Weber. Stuttgart: F. E. Verlag.

INTERNATIONAL

World Prosperity. W. McClure. Macmil. $4.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Barbary Coast. H. Asbury. Knopf. $3. *Externals and Essentials.* Sir J. Adamson. Longmans. $1.35. *The Symphony of Life.* Letters L. V. Beethoven. Tr. U. L. Steindorff; Perpetual Peace; I. Kant; The Greatest Thing in the World, H. Drummond; The Smiling Pioneer, J. P. Beckwourth; Little Flowers of St. Francis, Ed. John Stevens McGroarty; The Story of the United States By Those Who Made It, E. E. C. Moore; Builders of the Universe, A. Einstein; American Literature an Introduction. C. Van Doren. Los Angeles, Cal.: U. S. Library Assoc. Inc., at Westwood Vill. 25 cents each. *Eastern Philosophy for Western Minds.* H. McLaurin. Boston: Stratford. $2.50.

TRAVEL

Old Italy and New Mussoliniland. J. Gibbons. Dut. $2. *The Land of Feast and Famine.* H. Ingstad. Knopf. $3.50.

MACMILLAN

Two Novels of Distinction

TRY THE SKY

***by* Francis Stuart**

Those unforgettable novels of Ireland, PIGEON IRISH and THE COLOURED DOME, established Francis Stuart as one of the important writers of today. In his new book he uses a Continental setting and portrays five extraordinary characters. Again his exquisite prose and significant symbolism give high distinction to an unusual piece of fiction . . . *"This man Stuart is a blessed writer."*—New York Evening Post. *$2.00*

CARR

***by* Phyllis Bentley**

The New York Times has hailed this earlier novel by the author of INHERITANCE, now published for the first time in America, as *"in every sense a lovelier book."* Rich in drama and romance, it tells the story of a Yorkshire mill-owner and his struggle to save his firm and hold the affection of the woman he loved. *"A fine novel, firm and sure in texture."*—New York Sun. *$2.00*

A Work of Importance

WORLD PROSPERITY

As Sought Through the Economic Work of the League of Nations

***by* Wallace McClure**

The first comprehensive and authoritative account of the economic work of the League of Nations. It covers all the endeavors made by the organization to enhance the material prosperity of the world. The discussion is brought down to date, and gives insight into international viewpoints on such important subjects as labor problems, wages, armaments, tariff, banking, currency stabilization. The author was formerly the Acting Economic Adviser of the Department of State. *$4.00*

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

F. M., Philadelphia, asks for an entertaining life of Anthony Trollope for summer reading, and for the name of a novel of his, complete in itself, to serve as a "beginning book."

HIS own "Autobiography" is not only entertaining but solid Trollope; a splendid period piece. It is published in the United States by Dodd, Mead in a library edition; it is also one of the "World's Classics" published by the Oxford University Press. My own choice for a single volume would be "The Warden," which is published by the Dial Press and also in the invaluable Everyman's; in this series may also be found "Phineas Finn" in two volumes, about which the correspondent asks. My own experience with Trollope leads me to think the reader happiest who begins somewhere in the "Chronicles of Barsetshire"—anywhere in it, though perhaps the most provocative is "Last Chronicles of Barset"—and read forward or backward from this first choice, as one is practically forced to do in reading Balzac. The Barsetshire series come in a wide price-range: you can get it in the uniform edition published by Dodd, Mead at $1.75 a volume, or become so attached to it that only the grand form in which it is put out by Houghton Mifflin will do—six volumes edited by Michael Sadleir, for something neighboring on a hundred dollars. Michael Sadleir's "Anthony Trollope: a Commentary" (Houghton) is an outstanding contribution to bibliography; it has an introduction by A. Edward Newton.

"WHERE can I buy Logan Pearsall Smith's book on reading Shakespeare recently mentioned in the Bowling Green"? says E. H. F., Hendersonville, N. C. "Christopher Morley withheld the name of the British publisher so that some American firm might take his tip, but I am not so patriotic. Can't you worm the information from him? Tell him that the Trinculo clue is no good to anyone who does not know the names of any English publishers."

St. John Ervine, who in matters concerning the drama may certainly be called a fussy man, says of this work of Logan Pearsall Smith: "I should have thought that it was impossible to produce a new book of any value on Shakespeare, yet in the past year we have had two, this one and Mr. Dover Wilson's 'The Essential Shakespeare.'" In Logan Pearsall Smith's "On Reading Shakespeare" (Constable. 7s.6d), he "has returned from the Sahara of our age to the realm of Shakespeare's imagination, with its glooms and splendors, the storms that threaten to tear the world from its hinges, and scenes that break the heart." It is a magnificent means of escape from mediocrity; a book to fire the blood.

R. J., Charlotte, N. C., is preparing a program of club study to embrace some of the political changes now going on, as well as changes in other fields of activity—science, music, and art. An excellent public library is at the disposal of the club, and it has access to current magazines.

It should also have access to the symposium edited by Professor Beard, "A Century of Progress" (Harper). This club meets sixteen times; the book has fifteen chapters. Jane Addams writes of social changes, Watson Davis on progress in science, C. J. Judd on education, Waldemar Kaempffert on inventions, Edward Hungerford on transportation, Henry Ford on modern industry, Grace Abbott on the status of women, John Erskine on music, Fiske Kimball on architecture and so on. One hundred years in the United States is thus surveyed. If the group uses it as a basis for individual research and report, in a year when the "Century of Progress" exposition is going on in Chicago, I think it would be a banner year for the club.

O. W. A., San Antonio, Texas, asks "What books by Major C. H. Douglas on his Social Credit theory are available in this country, and where can they be obtained?"

So far as I can discover, they are published only in England; this statement will of course bring out the desired denial if I am wrong. The outstanding works of Major Clifford Hugh Douglas were published by Cecil Palmer: "Economic Democracy" in 1920; "Credit-Power and Democracy" in the same year, which has an introduction by A.R. Orage; "The Douglas Theory (1922), a reply to his critics; "Control and Distribution of Production" (1922); "Social Credit" (1924). "The Monopoly of Credit" was published by Chapman and Hall in 1931 and in the same year "Warning Democracy" was published by C. M. Grieve. A literature of its own has sprung up around Major Douglas's social credit theory; such as "A New Policy for Labour," an introduction to the ideas of Major Douglas by Hilderic Cousens (1921); "The Coming of Community," by W. T. Symons; "The Douglas Theory and its Communal Implications," by Fred Tait (1932); and "The Solution of Unemployment" by William H. Wakinshaw, being the postulates and implications of his social credit theorem (1924).

R. N. R., Denver, Colorado, is looking for sources for a paper on "Old Ships and Sea Captains."

A book that comes instantly to my mind is "Through the Hawse Hole," by F. B. Anderson, published early last Fall by Macmillan and a mine of pleasure for anyone interested in American backgrounds, sea literature, or records of character shaping under strain. Here is a real old rock-bound seafarer of New England, brought into print by family pride.

There is a comparatively new edition of "Old Sailing Ships of New England," a large illustrated work issued by Lauriat, and of two popular books on seafaring in general, E. Keble Chatterton's "Ships and Ways of Other Days" and "Sailing Ships and Their Story," both published by Lippincott. The merchant marine of Canada appears in Frederick William Wallace's "Wooden Ships and Iron Men" (Sully), a big book about the square-rigged ships of British North America, their builders and owners and the men who sailed them; it has many illustrations. There is so strong an interest in the collection of books on this subject that I should add the special publications of the Essex Institute of Salem, Mass., especially "Old Time Ships of Salem," and those of the Marine Research Society of Salem, though books like these are of necessity expensive. One could certainly use R. H. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" as source material, and in my own collection of regional stories, "Golden Tales of New England" (Dodd), there are a couple of tales by a Nantucket captain that all but put the reader on the deck of a whaler, first in action and then in "gamming" with a visitor.

The spell of the sailing ship continues to work. The night before this was written I dined with Bruce Rogers on his departure for Finland in one of those ships made famous in literature by Alan Villiers—whose ship, as everyone now knows, did win the "Grain Race" of which he wrote. The sailing-ship "Viking" is on her way home from Australia; at London it is possible to "sign on" as one of the crew, as some hardy souls signed on in the Antipodes—indeed, one must do so to travel on her at all, somehow on account of passenger regulations. If you take the company at its word I suppose you could take part in the work; you are warned, in terms likely to send tired intellectuals flocking to the wharf, that you will have to rough it. I gather that the ships of Mr. Villiers are manned mainly by members of the aristocracy and gentry who are paying for the privilege of learning to "spit brown and wear a hairy chest." It is fourteen days from London to Finland if the wind holds, and if not it is a good while longer. What is time to men who go down to the sea in ships?

M. A. L., Pennsylvania, asks for an inexpensive and amusing book for a friend crossing the first time, to spend a month in England and Scotland. "It would be better to have it written in amusing *vein, but not in the New Yorker* manner. My friend is in her sixties and has not a very modern sense of humor. She is most interested in what people eat and wear and buy, and might value a word of advice about where to shop and dine in London and Edinburgh."

This lucid statement of reader-interest should help to make it clear why so many copies are sold of the guide-books of Clara Laughlin—the "So You're Going" series published by Houghton. These are used as much for shopping guides as for sightseeing—obvious shops and obvious sights. "London is a Man's Town," by Josephy and McBride (Coward) includes shopping advice, well-adapted to American needs. This costs three dollars, like Miss Laughlin's book; E. H. Smith's "Restaurants of London (Knopf, 1928) costs one-fifty; I have not used the latter, having my own notions of food in the metropolis. If a word of personal advice will be taken, eat British food in Britain, and (if you can get it) the local and characteristic food. England is teeming with characteristic cookery; no attention to what the French say about it. A year ago I was still of the conviction that jam roll is inedible, in spite of the efforts on the "Tennysonian waiter at the Cock" on Fleet Street to convince me to the contrary. He then took matters firmly in hand, and brought a portion of this curious mass whatever sweet I might order, something on the principle that anyone can understand English if you only speak loudly enough. I fear that it is creeping up on me; I think I am beginning to like the stuff. As for roast mutton, green peas, strawberries, trifle, gooseberry tart, and steak-kidney-mushroom pie, try and beat them.

This celebrated waiter gave me a shock last Summer. "I have sometimes wondered," he said pensively, "why you call me William, when my name is Bert." It may have been because the human mind refuses to reduce him to less than two syllables. It took me several years to get round to William.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE TRANSATLANTIC GHOST *Dorothy Gardiner* (Crime Club: $2.)	Retired British 'tec week-end guest at haunted English castle transplanted to California, when murder interrupts brawl.	Mystery not hard to guess; certain amateurish gaffes impair story otherwise very readable, well characterized.	Good
THE MUMMY CASE MYSTERY *Dermet Marrah* (Harpers: $2.)	Fire in Egyptologist's Oxford apartment consumes, presumably, corpse and mummy—but only one set of remains is found, puzzling sleuth-minded colleagues.	Background quite as interesting as story which moves slowly and has slightly unconvincing conclusion, 'though moderately exciting.	Fair
INSPECTOR FROST IN CREVENNA COVE *H. Maynard Smith* (Putnam: $2.)	The murdered "Mr. Jones" turns out to be somebody far different and Inspector Frost finds the "Devil" mixed up in proceedings.	Good example of plodding clue-upon-clue type of mystery with humor excitement and romance added.	Interesting
DEATH OUT OF THE NIGHT *Anthony Wynne* (Lippincott $2.)	Five (or six, we lost count) perish in Scottish island castle before Dr. Hailey discovers what's killing them.	Major and secondary plots excellent, background of Highland lechs and crags effective, and solution interesting, if mechanical.	Good

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TSCHIFFELY *of Tschiffely's Ride*

Ransackers of continents, tamers of claw and fang, fighters of the good fight are not strangers to *The Inner Sanctum*. Ever since the publication of *Trader Horn, Bring 'Em Back Alive,* and *Believe It or Not,* your correspondents have become blood brothers to ancient mariners, and fellow-wanderers o'er land and sea.

But for almost ten years all of South America was marked *terra incognita* on *The Inner Sanctum* map, and during the entire decade of its existence its publishing exploits have been conducted on a strictly pedestrian basis. . And then came Tschiffely From the *pampas* and *estancias* near Buenos Aires sprang a new best-seller, booted and spurred. Within a month the sales staff of *The Outer Sanctum* was covering its appointed rounds on horseback, and your correspondents were bow-legged

A.H.TSCHIFFELY, author of *Tschiffely's Ride* is a modest school-teacher, Swiss by birth, Argentine by adoption, and by the acclaim of millions of South Americans, a comrade-in-immortality of *Ulysses* and *Lindbergh.* He not only travelled ten thousand miles in the saddle from the Southern Cross to the Pole Star, but he had the moral courage to write only 125,000 words about it—or *twelve and a half words per mile,* a new low for modern adventure! And on top of it all he gave all the glory to his two horses, *Mancha* and *Gato,* "true immortals of the equine race."

TSCHIFFELY is now visiting *The Inner Sanctum,* and wondering, as your correspondents are, why the book is an outstanding best-seller in London, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, but lagging in other great cities of the world. To horse, men of Manhattan, and join "the greatest ride in history"!

NEWS!

COMING on Monday, July 31st, *The Inner Sanctum* will publish, after three years of research and planning in Europe and America, perhaps the most ambitious and certainly the most exciting book in its entire career . *The First World War, A Photographic History,* edited with an introduction and captions, by LAURENCE STALLINGS This date marks the nineteenth anniversary of the actual outbreak of hostilities, and your correspondents are starting off with a first printing of 60,000 copies. They are rushing production on *The First World War,* before the second begins.

—ESSANDESS.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The first book interpreting the National Industrial Recovery Act will be published by Whittlesey House on August 1: "Business Under the Recovery Act" by two advertising men, Lawrence Valenstein and E. B. Weiss. The publishers do not say whether the authors consider the effect of the act on the book business, but speculation in the trade is still rife. ☞Quercus suggests that when General Johnson gets around to it, he might institute a few mergers between authors. There's no need for two of them to write duplicate books. ☞When a movie in a new field makes a hit, it's considered normal for the other producers to make films as nearly like it as soon as possible. The book business has had similar situations in the Ex-Wife and technocracy series, but usually these situations occur by accident and with no profit to any one. When two biographies of the same subject appear in the same season, as frequently they do, they are apt to kill each other off.

☞This year, for instance—even before the Grand Hotel formula has died its lingering death—four different novelists have given their versions of the future of the world: Harold Nicolson in "Public Faces," Michael Arlen in "Man's Mortality," John Collier in "Full Circle," and Robert Herrick in "Sometime." It could all have been done in a symposium. But not, Quercus hopes, in an omnibus. No less than five different omnibuses appear on the spring and summer lists of one publisher.

☞The book trade, as a matter of fact, should stand pretty high on General Johnson's list. Max Schuster clipped from the *Times* a list ranking the ten key industries, in which printing and publishing (including book and job work, but exclusive of newspapers) hold seventh place, with a total value of $575,307,451. Overwhelmed is too weak a word to describe how Quercus felt at seeing the book and printing industry listed above steel works and motor vehicles.

☞Whittlesey House also reports that "Life Begins at Forty" is in its tenth printing. Where, Quercus would like to know, do printings begin?

☞Another one that puzzles poor Quercus is a word from the Modern Library that Faulkner's "Sanctuary," when put into the movies, was retitled "The Story of Temple Drake" at the instance of Will Hays. Quercus just isn't bright enough to see why. ☞Random House will issue "Sanctuary" this fall with the text printed in three colors—one color for the narration, a second for the character's conscious thoughts, a third for his unconscious thoughts.

☞Quercus is interested in Covici-Friede's prize contest for booksellers who can solve their mystery story, "The Case of Marie Corwin," by August 13. Retailers may have copies of the book without the last chapter on application to the publishers; the prizes are $50, $25, $15, and $10. ☞Contestants must answer (1) who killed Marie Corwin, (2) what were the motives, and (3) how his conclusions were arrived at. Quercus believes this contest would be more fun if solutions depended on a knowledge of the tricks of the trade rather than a logical working out of the clues. Also if it were extended to include book reviewers.

☞The announcement by Viking Press of a new edition of Gelett Burgess's "Bromide Theory" (quoting such items as "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like," and "It isn't the heat but the humidity") suggests to Quercus the compilation of a list of book trade bromides, or more accurately, popular fallacies (what Thos. Browne—not of Rugby—called Epidemic Pseudodoxies). For instance:

Any successful publisher could have made five times as much money in the soap business.

Every best-seller was rejected in MS by several of the leading publishers before its merits were recognized.

The trouble is,

you can't get { publishers / booksellers } to agree.

Publishers have to put out a certain amount of tripe to pay for their good books.

Advertising doesn't sell books.

If books were advertised like cigarettes, they would sell a lot better.

If you publish this book all my friends will buy it.

Every library will have to have a copy.

The publishing business would be swell if there weren't any authors.

☞To any cigarette manufacturer who wants an advertising campaign to match Camels' "It's Fun to Be Fooled," Quercus suggests "Mathemagic," a book of tricks, puzzles, and marvels done with numbers, by Royal V. Heath, published by Simon and Schuster. ☞This inexhaustibly fascinating compilation is likewise recommended to all readers of this department who have been interested in the statistical efforts of the Quercus Associates—as for instance Ellery Queen, whose mystery chart, published last Sunday in a New York newspaper, combines the best features of the *Trade Winds Turn Table* and *The Criminal Record.* ☞*The Criminal Record* acknowledges also the sincerest flattery of a new weekly magazine of current events, already known for its unashamed admiration of *Time,* in the establishment of its department, *The Mystery Market,* to review detective fiction. It's fun, ruminates Quercus, to build mousetraps.

☞The P. E. Gemini Querci send their greetings to George Oppenheimer, who has resigned the vice-presidency of the Viking Press to take an executive job with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in Hollywood.

☞With the receipt of an admonition from Cambridge, England, the Querci must perforce become the Quercus. "Really, dear Mr. Quercus, you ought to know your own plural, which is Quercûs not Querci—Quercus being a noun of the fourth declension. No doubt an oak by any other name would smell as sweet, but you have to reckon with the grammarians. Yours, with much appreciation of Quercus but an abhorrence of Querci, James F. Muirhead."

Quercus welcomes into the publishing business the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company—they promise to get right out again after one book, "A la Rector." Mr. Rector tells one story of two gentlemen who made their own macaroni in a silver chafing-dish, under the eye of a lady at the next table. Quercus regrets that *The Saturday Review* was not in existence to receive the ad which ran the following day in a contemporary Personals column: "Will the gentlemen in evening clothes, sitting before a chafing dish at a table in Rector's last evening, please communicate with the blonde who sat entranced at the next table. Object—Macaroni."

☞Putnams report that they accepted, in exchange for three copies of "Men Without Money" (a book on barter by Wayne Weishaar and Wayne W. Parrish), an offer of the following articles: 1 pair of socks, 1 pair of men's shorts, 1 pair of women's shoes (second hand), 1 bottle of Castoria, 1 bottle of shampoo, 2 jars of applesauce, 1 bottle of pickles, 1 can of tomatoes, 1 box of Zerk (a health drink), 1 bag of hickory nuts, 1 home-made ax helve, 1 box of bird gravel, and 1 handkerchief. ☞Quercus knows plenty of books for which 2 jars of applesauce alone would be an even exchange. ☞But the idea has interesting possibilities, such as:

1 copy of "The American Gun Mystery" for a ringside seat at the rodeo.

1 "As the Earth Turns," 1 "South Moon Under," 1 "Stranger's Return," in exchange for one mortgage.

1 copy of "Ann Vickers" for a round trip ticket to Ossining.

And as all readers of this column know, one year's subscription to *The Saturday Review* for three and a half fiscal mermaids.

Quercus is glad to hear from Curtis Brown that he need not fear for the fate of those 396 books of Georges Simenon, not yet published in this country. The original publishers, Covici-Friede, can have them all, if and when they like.

The most original book-stall that Poor Old Quercus has heard of is at the Little Book House, Nantucket. It is made of a child's high-sided crib, found in a Nantucket attic. It's freshly painted blue and green, with baskets for books and shallow trays for prints.

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